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Canadian Literature

Archibald MacMurchy

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HANDBOOK
OF
Canadian Literature
(ENGLISH)

BY

Archibald MacMurchy, M.A.

At one time Rector of the
Collegiate Institute, Toronto



Toronto
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1906

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GENERAL

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the
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PREFACE.

WHILE I was at the Collegiate Institute, Toronto, it was my duty and privilege for several years to teach the senior classes in English history. It was easy to get handbooks or primers giving information about writers and the subjects on which they wrote in Great Britain or the United States; but with respect to Canadian authors, no book of this kind existed.

Frequently I heard the statement made by men who ought to know, that "Canada had no literature of its own, and in order to supply this deficiency of our intellectual life we had to depend upon the literary talent of Britain and that of our neighbors to the south of us."

But in coming into Canada has the British race lost its ambitions and mental vigor? If so, why? The assertion is not true obviously with regard to the subduing of the forest and the cultivating of the virgin soil of this rich and vast country.

The author cherishes the hope that this

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small volume shows conclusively that the Canadians, though so much engaged in exploring, surveying, and cultivating the wide territories of the Dominion, are not one whit behind in the gifts of imagination and fancy which adorn the communities of the English race to be found in other parts of the world. The truth appears to be that the literary production of the people of the Dominion is proportionately equal, in quantity and quality, to that of any like part of the English-speaking race.

The author, restricted by the limits imposed by the object he had in view, was under the necessity of leaving untouched the large field of reports on various subjects—books dealing with the professions, or purely scientific matters. He was compelled to forego the pleasure of noticing many valuable contributions which appeared only in the press, also any book he could not find in the following libraries in the city of Toronto: The Public Library, that of the University of Toronto, Victoria College, Trinity College, the Legislative Library, and that of McMaster University. It was considered advisable to include within this volume only those writers whose earliest published works date no later than the year 1900.

The writer has not mentioned any book

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(with very few exceptions) which he has not read with more or less care, still he feels sure that there are mistakes, and will be obliged to any one who will bring them to his notice. He has purposely avoided comparing the work of one writer with that of other English writers in Canada.

He has obtained information from every quarter within his reach. The number of books which he consulted is too great for acknowledgment, but he may be allowed without giving offence to mention the chief ones: The volumes published by Dr. Morgan, Ottawa; *Selections from Canadian Poets,* Dr. Dewart; *Treasury of Canadian Verse,* Dr. Rand; *Poets of the Younger Generation,* William Archer; *Victorian Anthology,* Edmund Clarence Stedman; *A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry* (English), C. C. James; *A Bibliography of Canadian Fiction,* L. E. Horning, M.A., and L. J. Burpee; *Intellectual Development of the Canadian People,* etc., etc., John G. Bourinot; *Historical Publications Relating to Canada,* Prof. Geo. M. Wrong, M.A., and H. H. Langton, B.A., Librarian of the University of Toronto.

The author extends his sincerest thanks to all who kindly aided him in his work, and especially to the courteous librarians and their assistants, whom he troubled so often.

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CANADIAN LITERATURE.

HON. WILLIAM SMITH was the son of an eminent lawyer in New York, an A.M. of Yale. The Smith family, being strong supporters of the Crown during the trouble with the New England Colonies, came to Quebec in 1786. Soon afterwards the father was appointed Chief Justice of Canada, and died in Quebec in 1793.

1770

In the course of time the son, William, was appointed Clerk to the Legislative Assembly, Lower Canada (Quebec), Master in Chancery, and in 1814 an Executive Councillor.

His History bears the date, 1815, Quebec. In the preface to the work he states that the narrative was compiled for his own private use, from notes made of documents he had at hand, with no intention of publication; but yielding to the solicitation of his friends, he gave them to the public. Thus modestly does Mr. Smith explain the appearance of his History, of which the title is: *The History of Canada, from its First Discovery to the Peace*

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of 1763; and from the Establishment of the Civil Government, in 1764, to the Establishment of the Constitution in 1796.

1788-1856

ROBERT CHRISTIE, a native of the Province of Nova Scotia, was born in the town of Windsor, in 1788, the same year that King's College was founded there; but it may fairly be doubted if he made good use of the educational advantages of his birthplace. He studied law in Quebec, was called to the bar there, and in course of time was elected a member of the Quebec House of Assembly, for Gaspé. These were the years of violent political contention in the Province of Quebec; the causes which finally led to the rebellion of 1837 were producing agitation and serious misunderstandings among all classes of the people. Mr. Christie strongly supported the Governor's view of how the public affairs of the Province should be conducted, and thus increased the keen resentment of the majority of his fellow-members. He was expelled from the House in 1829, and suffered the same humiliation several times afterwards, his constituents each time enthusiastically re-electing him. Gaspé sought, at this time, union with New Brunswick. Mr. Christie represented Gaspé in the first Parliament of the United Canadas.

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Gaspé proved unfavorable to him in 1854, and thenceforth he retired from public life, dying at Quebec in 1856.

The most important of Christie's works is his *History of Canada,* in six volumes, "A History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, embracing a period of fifty years; that is to say, from the erection of the Province, in 1791, to the extinguishment thereof, in 1841, and its re-union with Upper Canada, by Act of the Imperial Parliament."

It is clear that the majority of the House of Assembly disliked Mr. Christie very much. But this might well be, because he supported the Governor, and steadily fought against the Opposition, whose tactics finally led the Province into the uprising of 1837.

The most surprising part of his quaintness is his habit of writing such phrases as "british empire," "english people," without the ordinary use of capitals. The long sentences, to which Mr. Christie was particularly addicted, not only try the patience of his readers, but the obscurity of his style involves a needless waste of time.

Mr. Christie was not a polished writer, but his History is a storehouse of old and curious facts relating to the history of Lower Canada

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up to the time of the Union. By collecting documents, making extracts from contemporary publications, and narrating his own experiences, he has done valuable service for the future historian of Canada.

1789-1863

Rev. Joseph Abbott, M.A., born and educated in England; came to Canada in 1818, and for years energetically carried on, with success, the arduous work of a missionary of the Church of England, and labored for many years in Lower Canada. Like all true missionaries he concerned himself with the daily work of the people, writing valuable articles on the best ways of raising crops. *The Emigrant* was published by him in 1842; second edition in 1843; Lovell, Montreal. Several editions of *The Emigrant* were published. One by Mr. John Murray, in the Home and Colonial Library, under the title of *Philip Magnus,* owing to its easy style, met with great acceptance, two Governors-General of the day buying hundreds of copies to send to those asking for information about Canada. The information in *The Emigrant* was useful to those seeking a new home in Canada in 1843, and to new settlers in Canada even now the information therein will be serviceable as well as interesting. *The Emigrant* was written for

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farmers, largely in the form of a diary, giving minute details of the work on a farm.

Rev. Lewis Amadeus Anspach, a magistrate of Newfoundland and a missionary (Church of England) for the District of Conception Bay, published, in 1809, a summary of the laws of commerce and navigation adapted to the then state, government and navigation of the island of Newfoundland. In 1819 the same author published a history of Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador, with two maps. The history gives a good description of the island Banks, the fisheries and the trade of Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador. To show the prevailing opinion with regard to the unfitness of the island for permanent settlement, we quote this sentence from the history: "This island is not calculated to produce anything sufficient for the support of its inhabitants." Nearly a hundred years after, the Rev. M. Harvey, LL.D., after living there for 45 years, states, in his *Newfoundland, 1897*, that there are 4,480,000 acres available for settlement, either as arable land or for grazing purposes, and that the island can sustain in comfort 4,000,000 people. Thus at last Newfoundland, Britain's oldest colony, is coming into its own.

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MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON. The Major, in a book published by him, refers to the place of his birth in the words following: "I had first breathed the breath of life near the then almost isolated Falls of Niagara, the loud roaring of whose cataract had, perhaps, been the earnest of the storms (and they have been many) which were to assail my after life." His father was a Scotchman, a surgeon in the army; his mother, a Miss Askin, the daughter of a wealthy merchant then living in Detroit.

1796-1852

Early in the nineteenth century, the father, Dr. Robert Richardson, was appointed surgeon to the Governor and garrison of Fort Amherstburg, and in 1807 became Judge of the Western District. Here, at the fort and town of Amherstburg (the Major frequently, in his writings, refers in glowing words to the beauty of Amherstburg and its surroundings), all the children, of whom there were six, were reared and educated. The chief credit for the education of the family, we think, must be given to the mother, who, as Miss Askin, was educated at one of the best convent schools of Montreal. Wisely, she insisted on the children learning to speak and to write French as well as English, which explains the ready command Mr. Richardson had of the French language.

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The advanced school then was the family, the wholesome factors of which were the father and mother and the children. No discredit does the eldest son to his school in the elegant use he makes of flexible and correct English.

We must not overlook his environment. Besides the natural beauty already referred to, there was the stir of military life, the association with officers and men in the daily routine of garrison duty, the well-ordered and prompt obedience of the different ranks in the garrison. The Indians were constantly to be seen around the fort, on lake and river, in the open, but more frequently in the dark recesses of the primal forest. They were to be found in large numbers on the day appointed to receive their annual allowance from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs—the aged veteran, the young brave, the grey-haired squaw, and the helpless papoose. In his writings we have the clearest proofs of the vivid impressions these scenes made upon the youthful Canadian; and, at the same time, they furnish undeniable evidence of his power of accurate and keen observation. Thus it was that young Richardson had the opportunities, of which he made such good use, in collecting and laying up in store the material which he so deftly worked into tales of Canadian and Indian life. The school

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of learning had to give place to the school of arms at the early age of fifteen, when he joined the 41st Regiment, in 1812, to defend his native country from invasion by the United States.

Major Richardson was a soldier, the descendant of soldiers. At the conclusion of the War of 1812, he, as lieutenant, and many other soldiers embarked for the continent of Europe, hoping to share in the final struggle against Napoleon under Wellington; but, before landing, Waterloo had been fought and won. Soon thereafter many men were discharged, one of whom was Mr. Richardson, who remained for some years in London. In Spain he fought with the British Legion. In 1838 he returned to Canada, holding the position of correspondent of *The Times,* which he relinquished on account of political differences. Afterwards, he, by advice of friends, entered into newspaper work, publishing a newspaper in Brockville and also in Kingston, neither of which answered his expectations. In May, 1845, we find him superintendent of police on the Welland Canal, at 10s. a day. In a few months the Government disbanded the police, and Major Richardson was £51 out of pocket for clothing furnished to the police.

Mr. Richardson had expectations that the Government would appoint him to some posi-

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tion in which he could earn a livelihood by employing his matured experience and talents to the advantage of his country. His story verifies:

> "Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
> Where most it promises."

About 1848-9 Mr. Richardson finally left Canada to reside in the City of New York, where he devoted his time to writing new volumes and publishing new editions of his former works. It is a painful fact that there is unmistakable evidence to show that the Major, in New York, was unable to keep the wolf from the door by the product of his pen. He had a fine Newfoundland, named Hector, of which he was very fond and proud. One day, shortly before he died, he was heard to say: "Hector, you and I must part or starve." The dog was sold, and a few days thereafter the Major died in the City of New York, 1852.

It is a reproach to the Government of Canada to have allowed a man—a native Canadian, too—who had done so much good work for Canada with sword and pen, to depart from his native land and to starve in a foreign country.

Major Richardson published several books during his life-time, twelve or thirteen in all.

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Wacousta, or the Prophecy. 1832. London and Edinburgh. A tale of the Canadas. There were several editions of *Wacousta* published in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. It met with much favor and is undoubtedly the best of his works. The stirring events which took place about the forts of Amherstburg and Detroit, at the time of the conspiracy of the celebrated Indian chief, Pontiac, the siege of the latter fort being conducted by the implacable and treacherous chief in person, supply the main part of the story. It is interesting to compare the narrative of the historian, Parkman, and that of the novelist, Richardson, and observe how well the two narratives in the main agree in describing the treachery and cunning of the Indian, with the hardships and determination of the English shown in that memorable siege. In *Wacousta* there are several passages displaying much ability. We may name the interview between Col. de Haldimar and Chief Pontiac, in the Fort of Detroit, when he came to a council with forty of his chiefs, in the guise of peace and friendship, while cherishing the blackest hate. They came prepared to murder the unsuspecting officers and men, and thus to get possession of the fort. By duplicity of this kind they had succeeded in obtaining entrance into other forts and destroying the defenders.

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But Col. de Haldimar had received a hint of Pontiac's real intention, and when he made the attempt to carry out his plan, he found himself and chiefs accurately covered by a row of British muskets. The whole passage is worthy of a George Eliot, or, may we say, of Sir Walter Scott himself.

In *Wacousta, The Canadian Brothers,* and in *The War of 1812,* Mr. Richardson shows the strongest proofs of his intimate knowledge of the native Indian. No one surpasses him, if any one equals him, in his vivid description of the manners and customs of the native red men, their fortitude and bravery, their loyal devotion to their leader, also their relentless pursuit of an enemy, and their cruelty. To charge Richardson with copying Mr. James Fenimore Cooper is absurd.

The Canadian Brothers, or, The Prophecy Fulfilled, is a tale of the War of 1812, in which the writer took an active part, with the Right Division of the Canadian Army, till the disastrous defeat at Moraviantown, in 1813, when he was made a prisoner. *The Canadian Brothers* is not the equal of *Wacousta* in interest or literary skill, but there are many beautiful lines in it; for instance, "The crisping sound of the waves, rippling on the sand." There is in this volume a pretty full discussion of the right of a civilized nation to take pos-

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session of the lands of a savage people, the concrete case under consideration being that of the United States.

The narrative of the War of 1812 by Mr. Richardson has the advantage of being that of an eye-witness, and is fairly well done, though it shows evidence of being written in haste. The best edition is that published by the Historical Publishing Co., with life of the author, notes, etc., by Alexander Clark Casselman. Toronto, 1902.

Eight Years in Canada. In this volume Mr. Richardson gives his personal history, from 1838 to 1846 inclusive; consequently the narrative is largely reminiscent. From a literary point of view the merits far outweigh the faults. The passage which relates his feelings—his anticipations and disappointments—on his first visit, after an absence of many years, to Amherstburg, the scene of his boyhood, does him much credit.

Many other passages might be referred to, showing the author's literary skill. In this work he appears as an able and vigorous controversialist, taking rank in that respect with the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D. In *Eight Years in Canada* Mr. Richardson touches upon the administration of Lords Durham and Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, and Lord Metcalfe, supplying us with valuable informa-

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tion which we could not obtain from any other writer.

Richardson's writings are the work of a strong, tense man, who is an artist in his use of English, and no time-server. His work must live forever in the annals of Canadian story.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, a famous novelist and humorist, of Nova Scotia, was a descendant of a Scottish family (with which Sir Walter Scott was connected) which emigrated to Boston during the closing years of the reign of Queen Anne. In the Revolution troubles, the grandfather of Haliburton was a strong supporter of the British cause. He gave proof that the spirit of his ancestors, which earned for the family the words, graved on their escutcheon, "Leal, true, and honest men, and good borderers against the English," burned brightly still in the King's dominions on this side of the Atlantic. Consequently the Haliburton family removed to Nova Scotia. The future judge and writer was born in the town of Windsor, whose school and university (King's College) he attended, finishing a successful academic course with high honors in 1815.

1796-1865

Many of his college class became, like himself, eminent in the practice of law, and one,

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Sir John Inglis, K.C.B., won lasting renown by his gallant defence of Lucknow. Early in life he was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly of his native Province. He succeeded his father in the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas in 1829, and was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1841, which position he resigned in 1856, and went to reside in England, near London.

He was elected in 1859, and sat for Launceston for six years in the House of Commons. His death took place in 1865.

The readers of Haliburton's works may easily perceive the purpose he had in view, and which, through all his writings, he kept in mind. What that purpose was is stated by himself in the preface to *Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances,* new edition: "The original design in writing the sketches known as the *Sayings and Doings of the Clockmaker,* which has never since been lost sight of, was to awaken Nova Scotians to the vast resources and capabilities of their native land, to stimulate their energy and enterprise, to strengthen the bond of union between the colonies and the parent state, and by occasional reference to the institutions and governments of other countries, to induce them to form a just estimate and place a proper value on their own."

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When Haliburton states that the colonies are ponds to breed frogs, and that the only necessity was to provide an outlet and an inlet to these ponds in order to produce wholesome fish, his meaning is plain. He was animated by the spirit that moved Sir John Macdonald when he said: "A British subject I was born, a British subject I shall die."

The books in which the sayings and doings of Sam Slick of Slickville are given are: *The Clockmaker, The Attaché, Wise Saws,* and *Nature and Human Nature.* Joseph Howe, editor and proprietor of the *Nova Scotian,* was fortunate enough to secure Haliburton as a writer for his paper, and the celebrated *Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick* began to appear for the first time in 1835. Shortly afterwards they were collected and published in book form in Halifax and London. Haliburton's first book was his *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia,* published in Halifax, 1829, highly commended, and for which he received a vote of thanks from the House of Assembly. In 1849 appeared the *Old Judge, or, Life in a Colony.* This is a specimen of the work the writer of *Sam Slick* could do by using the Queen's English instead of dialect. It is worthy of attention, also, by his English reader, whether in Britain or Canada, as it reveals plainly what were the

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views and feelings of a British Imperialist at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Haliburton is regarded as the founder of the American school of humor. Most of its phases are illustrated in his pages. Several years before *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared, Topsy's famous turn of expression could be found in the *Clockmaker,* where a country girl, being asked where she was brought up, replied: "Why, I guess I wasn't brought up at all. I just growed up." Anecdotes and tales, besides phrases, have been borrowed by modern humorists from Haliburton, and many hold that his most lasting remembrance will be based upon his work in humor. He was intensely earnest in his desire to sway his fellow colonists to adopt his views for the betterment of their country. He thought that this could be best accomplished by using dialogue and a colloquial style. Accordingly he introduces, in many of his works, as his spokesman, the droll, witty, learned and wise Sam Slick, of Slickville, the Yankee pedlar. Towards the end of his life he was satisfied with the wisdom of the choice he had made for securing his purpose, though his literary fame perhaps might be more enduring if he had expressed himself in effective English. The world owes him much, not only for his conspicuous wisdom and prudence, but also

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for the merriment his pages afford to his many readers.

1796-1868

DAVID THOMPSON, a retired soldier of the Royal Scots, and a captain in the militia of Canada, published, at Niagara, 1832, a history of the War of 1812-1815 between Great Britain and the United States of America. Mr. Thompson taught school in Niagara and vicinity for many years; he also acted as a surveyor.

After considerable enquiry we feel justified in stating that Mr. Thompson was born in Scotland about 1796, and died in Niagara, 1868. He received his education in Scotland. He does not claim to have had the opportunities of becoming familiar with the "flowery paths of literature," which many others enjoyed; but we should not forget that the parish schools of Scotland even then had many college men for their masters, capable and eager to lead the ingenuous youth to appreciate the beauties of composition. Mr. Thompson was well prepared to write a true account of the War of 1812, for he took the trouble of fully acquainting himself with the literature bearing upon it furnished by both parties to the conflict. He received information from many who had been engaged in the war, and besides these sources of information,

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he had personal knowledge of many of its events.

In his History he reviews the causes which finally led to the war. He submits copies of original documents bearing upon the questions at issue between the two countries, and feels compelled by the evidence to strongly support the course pursued by the British Government. It is gratifying to find a resident in Canada, at so early a date, giving a narrative of the trouble so full and so well supported by extracts from original sources.

The title of the volume is: *History of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America, with a Retrospective View of the Causes whence it Originated; Collected from the Most Authentic Sources. Niagara, 1832.* The immediate reward that Mr. Thompson reaped from his patriotism and praiseworthy effort was that he was confined in prison for a time because unable to pay the whole cost of publication.

He was teaching in Niagara during the year 1827. A hint of his spirit is given us by the fact that his pupils collected 11s. 1½d. that year and sent it to the Greeks, then struggling to secure their independence. May his memory be kept green by British Canadians!

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1802-1899

MRS. CATHARINE PARR TRAILL, who was one of the talented sisters of the Strickland family, came to Canada in 1832, and settled in the unbroken forest near Rice Lake, about ten miles north of Peterborough. The Traill family had experiences in the bush similar to those related by Mrs. Moodie in her *Roughing it in the Bush.* And, doubtless, for like reasons, she took her pen to enlighten the British public as to the disadvantages of a certain class of emigrants coming to Upper Canada; but conscientiously she set forth, with disinterested zeal and truthfulness, the riches which awaited the capable and willing in the new land of her adoption.

For this purpose Mrs. Traill wrote two books, *Lost in the Backwoods* and *Pictures of Life and Scenery in the Woods of Canada.* Both are books of fiction, but there is much of real life given in the narrative. In *Lost in the Backwoods* she assumes that three children—brother, sister, and cousin—were lost in the woods on the border of Rice Lake, where they lived more than two years on fish, berries and rice found by the lake, deer, and any article of food which the wild forest yielded. The children built shanties, and made clothes from the skins of animals which they had been fortunate enough to kill. They rescued from death a young Indian maid who had

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been left by her ruthless enemies, bound hand and foot, to perish. The Indian girl proved a very efficient ally in the struggle for life by the lost children in the thick woods of Canada. Deliverance finally came through a lumberman—a friend of their parents—who led them safely to their homes.

This book was first published under the title of *The Canadian Crusoes.*

In *Pictures of Life and Scenery in the Woods of Canada, or, Lady Mary and Her Nurse,* the writer makes use of the intimate relations existing between a nurse and her *protégé* to convey by conversation or reading to her young charge much information about the trees, flowers, animals, lakes and rivers of Canada. The style of both books is easy, pleasant, and fitted to engage the attention of the reader, especially the young reader.

Throughout her writings Mrs. Traill shows a decided leaning towards the flora of the country, referring frequently to the beauty and uses of flowers, and describing the different trees and plants, especially the latter. This led, in 1885, to the publication of her book on the *Studies of Plant Life, or, Gleanings from Forest, Lake, and Plain,* with chromo-lithographs, a useful and entertaining work.

During the administration of Lord Palmerston a grant of £100 was made to Mrs.

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Traill in recognition of her work as a naturalist, and later the Dominion Government recognized her services by presenting her with an island in the Otonabee River, rewards well deserved, on account of her many timely and useful publications.

1803-1885

Mrs. Susanna Moodie was also a member of the gifted Strickland family, of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England. Mrs. Moodie and her sisters were educated by their father, a gentleman of wealth, refinement and good taste. He lost heavily by imprudently endorsing paper for a friend; the loss preyed on his mind to such an extent that he died, when Miss Susanna was only thirteen years old. Though she began writing for the public press when only fifteen, her work was well received. In 1831 she married John Wedderburn Dunbar Moodie, a half-pay officer, 21st Fusiliers, and the following year they emigrated to Canada. On the farm they purchased, near Port Hope, they only remained a short time, afterwards moving into the unbroken bush ten miles north of Peterborough. Here, in acute form, they experienced the serious and aggravating difficulties which met the pioneer settlers in the magnificent forest of Upper Canada. There are not a few housekeepers, even yet, remaining in

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Upper Canada (Ontario), who can sympathetically in spirit share Mrs. Moodie's bitter disappointment in her failure to acquire the art of making good bread from Canadian flour. They will find the story of this, and many other things besides, well told in *Roughing It in the Bush,* by Mrs. Moodie.

In 1839 Mr. Moodie was appointed Sheriff of the County of Hastings, and the family removed to Belleville.

In *Flora Lindsay* and *Roughing It in the Bush* the authoress relates the details about leaving one's native land, the uncertainties in regard to a new country, the sorrows of leave-taking, the yearning for the homeland and all it contains. The writer does not omit to tell of the long voyage across the Atlantic, with its inconveniences, mishaps, and sufferings; the journey into the new, strange land, so extensive and so rude in comparison to the land left behind, yet, with all its disadvantages, recognized to be the land of promise for every one seeking a home and independence.

In *Life in the Clearings versus the Bush,* Mrs. Moodie gives historic sketches of cities and towns in Canada West, as they appeared in 1852. Very interesting she makes these sketches, combining with them many anecdotes and tales about residents and travellers. Let no reader miss her description of the Falls

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of Niagara. There is fiction in these books (perhaps more correct to say exaggeration), but the future historian of Canada, when he comes, will find in these volumes fit material ready for the writing of Canadian history.

Her work affords a good example of the style of a worthy class of fiction-writers of the early nineteenth century, with its large interest in human life, its marriages, family connections, births, and deaths, its stories of ghosts, its odd people, incredible feats of strength and endurance, the sweet home life, simple and humane. The reader of Mrs. Moodie's work receives the impression that she was of an amiable, sensible, refined, religious character. She has the additional honor of being one of the early pioneers of Canadian literature.

We print the following extract from *Roughing It in the Bush,* as a fair specimen of Mrs. Moodie's style of writing:

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce such another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature—a vision of the northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections faded before the present Quebec.

"Nature has lavished all her grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and below the cataract foams

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and thunders; wood and rock and river combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect and worthy of its Divine Originator. The precipitous bank upon which the city lies piled, reflected in the still, deep waters at its base, greatly enhances the romantic beauty of the situation."

ADOLPHUS EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D., D.D., was the son of Col. Ryerson, an officer in the Prince of Wales' Regiment, a loyal Colonial corps that took an honorable part in the Revolutionary War. At the conclusion of the war he removed to New Brunswick, but during the closing years of the eighteenth century he settled in what is now the County of Norfolk, Upper Canada. Here Adolphus Egerton, the future Chief Superintendent of Education, was born. He began his education by attending the elementary school near home; for a short time he was at the grammar school in London, and, finally, had the benefit of reading with a master of high classical attainments in Hamilton. He made rapid progress at all his schools, and obtained a good serviceable technical education by working on the farm with his father, which he found of much value when he ministered in after years to the Indians at Port Credit. Ryerson was a man of deep religious feelings, and it is worthy of note how, even in early life, he recognized his responsibility for

1803-1882

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the use he made of his time and abilities. Though both his parents were members of the Church of England, he joined the Methodist Church. On his father requiring him to withdraw from that connexion, he left home, and in due course became a minister of the Methodist body. *The Christian Guardian* was established in 1829, and Ryerson was appointed its first editor.

Ryerson was a man of war whenever his friends, country, or principles were assailed. His first controversy, of which he became the leader on the religious side, was with the adherents of the Church of England on the question of the inherent rights of all churches to full equality, both civil and religious. The opposite side of the dispute was conducted by the "Aberdonian," Rev. Dr. Strachan, the first Bishop of the Toronto Diocese, who claimed special privileges for his Church, as being established by law in Upper Canada. The winning side was that of Ryerson and his friends, involving far-reaching consequences to Canada. His defence of Governor Sir Charles Metcalfe is regarded as his ablest effort at political writing, and clearly shows that he was a writer of resource and power.

Thereafter came his life-work in 1844, the founding of a system of public education for Upper Canada, or, to be very exact, the reor-

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ganizing of the system of education which then existed. His connection with the Upper Canada Academy, which finally became Victoria University, in both of which he held, at different times, the highest positions, admirably fitted him for this arduous and very important task. How well and how successfully he did this noble and enduring work, the expansive power of the educational system of Ontario attests year in, year out.

To appreciate in detail his work in this office for his country belongs not to this book; but we may say that his memory will be most gratefully cherished by the people of Ontario and other Provinces of Canada.

Upon his retirement, in 1876, he employed his leisure to fulfil a promise which had been made by him many years before, and for which he had been collecting material for at least twenty-five years, viz., the writing of *The Loyalists of America and Their Times*, 1880. Dr. Ryerson, by the performance of this task, became the first British author to write the history of the United Empire Loyalists of America.

In the *Loyalists of America, 1620-1816*, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, in two volumes, writes the story of those who felt compelled to support loyally the cause of the Motherland against the men who had determined to withdraw

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from the British Empire. He gives a pretty full account of the colonial time, showing clearly the friendly attitude of the Stuarts towards the British on this side of the Atlantic, which is contrary to the opinion generally entertained in regard to these sovereigns. His narrative of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritan Fathers of Massachusetts Bay is most interesting and instructive. For the first time the centre of discontent, disaffection and, ultimately, disloyalty, is laid bare.

Having given a sketch of the French and Indian wars, he considers the troubles out of which came the Declaration of Independence, with an earnest sympathy with the opponents of the Crown and forcible condemnation of British policy. The passing of the Declaration of Independence is regarded by him with strong disapproval. That was a mistake disastrous to the whole English-speaking race. The years of war following were a disgrace to both sides; the expulsion of the supporters of the Crown from their country was infamous inhumanity. The history of the United Empire Loyalists is followed into the nineteenth century, and a brief sketch is given of several of the Provinces of Canada. Current American opinions are frequently contradicted, but always on the best historical authority.

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Canadians ought to read Dr. Ryerson's *Loyalists of America and Their Times.* There they will see that it was not a vain thing for the author to write: "Canada has a noble parentage, the remembrance of which its inhabitants may well cherish with respect, affection and pride." These two volumes, and *The Story of My Life,* so well and sympathetically edited by the Rev. Doctor's life-long friend, Dr. J. Geo. Hodgins, Barrister-at-Law, Osgoode Hall, now in Department of Education as Historiographer, contain much valuable information collected in good shape for the future historians of our country.

1804-1873

The HON. JOSEPH HOWE was born in Nova Scotia, and died there when he was Lieut.-Governor of his native Province. An extract from one of his addresses while in England will be the best exposition of the Howe family in Nova Scotia: "During the old times of persecution, four brothers, bearing my name, left the southern counties of England, and settled in four of the New England States. Their descendants number thousands, and are scattered from Maine to California. My father was the only descendant of that stock who, at the Revolution, adhered to the side of Eng-

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land. His bones rest in the Halifax churchyard. I am his only surviving son."

Joseph Howe owed little to school training. His education was acquired during the long winter months by reading the volumes in the family library and talks with his father, who was King's Printer and Postmaster-General of Nova Scotia for many years. At an early age he was sent to a printer's office, and thus began to climb the ladder of life, ending only in his departure from earth while he was Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia. Joseph Howe became journalist, politician, member of parliaments, both of his own Province and of the House of Commons of Canada; member of governments and leader of administrations; showing in these high positions the true qualities of a statesman. The clearest evidence of his statesmanship is that he led Nova Scotia through the trying ordeal of acquiring responsible government without one drop of blood being shed. This we believe to be his noblest achievement and his supreme right to the gratitude of his fellow-subjects in every part of the British Empire.

The Speeches and Public Letters of the Hon. Joseph Howe, edited by William Annand, M.P.P., 2 vols., 1858; Boston. "To give," says the editor, "to the rising generation the means by which to judge, not only of the intel-

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lectual calibre of the race they are to succeed, but of the true character of a countryman's struggles and labors, of which they are to reap the benefits."—Preface.

Poems and Essays, by the Hon. Joseph Howe, published (under direction of the family), 1874; Montreal. A volume that will fairly illustrate the varied phases of Mr. Howe's literary genius. For a long time Mr. Howe looked forward to having a few years of leisure, during which he might be able to complete and present to the public, in two or three volumes, several unfinished literary efforts, together with a number of his smaller poems, written at intervals during the engrossing occupations of a very active political life, but the desire was not realized.

For the sake of those who understand, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following lines:

> "The glow of mind, the spirit's light,
> Which time or age can never take,
> Will still shine on, undimmed and bright,
> And many a holy rapture wake,
> Tho' time may steal the roseate blush."

Those who wish to know the reason why the Hon. Joseph Howe is called "A most distinguished son of Nova Scotia and one of the ablest of Canadian statesmen," will find the answer by reading the above three volumes.

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"All hail to the day when they came over,
And planted their standard, with sea foam still wet!
Around and above us their spirit will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.
Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes,
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

"Hail to the day," etc.
—*The Flag of Old England.*

"But yet, deserted nest, there is a spell,
E'en in thy loneliness, to touch the heart,
For holy things within thee once did dwell,
The type of joys departed now thou art.

"Then though thy walls be rent, and cold thy cell,
And thoughtless crowds may hourly pass thee by,
Where love and truth and tenderness did dwell,
There's still attraction for the poet's eye."
—*The Deserted Nest.*

LIEUT.-COL. SAMUEL STRICKLAND, a brother of the well-known Misses Strickland, came to Canada West in 1825, entering the employ of the Canada Company, under the guidance of John Galt. He was thoroughly familiar with the beginnings of Galt, Guelph, and Goderich, and the lands lying between these towns. He knew well the vast estate, more than a million acres, in the rich, if primitive, Huron District. He served his King and country in the troubles of 1837.

1804–1867

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The details of these things and many others are to be found in his *Twenty-Seven Years in Canada West, or, The Experience of an Early Settler,* an entertaining volume, edited by Agnes Strickland.

EVAN MACCOLL, poet, was born and educated in Lochfyneside, Scotland. On account of the distance of his home from the parish school, he was obliged to attend a school of an inferior grade; but, fortunately for the young bard, his father engaged a private tutor, under whose care MacColl made very good progress in his studies.

1808-1898

The family removed to Canada, 1831, young Evan staying behind, preparing for publication a volume of poetry, which appeared in 1838 in both Gaelic and English. Through the influence of a Member of Parliament, Mr. MacColl, in 1839, was appointed to a clerkship in the Customs at Liverpool. In 1850, his health being somewhat impaired, he obtained six months' leave of absence and visited his father's family, when he was induced to transfer his clerkship from Liverpool to Kingston, where he continued in the public service till 1880, then being superannuated on the usual retiring allowance.

Poems and Songs, chiefly written in Canada,

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appeared in 1883; second edition, 1888. Mr. MacColl's best work was done in Scotland, but he has the rare distinction of having won honor by his lyrics in both Gaelic and English. He was the Gaelic bard of Canada, his lyrics in Gaelic appealing more sweetly to the affections of the Gael in the mother tongue than those in English to the general reader. He was highly esteemed by the native-born Highlanders in the country of their adoption. He had the honor of being one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada.

"THE CHAUDIÉRE.

"Where the Ottawa pours its magnificent tide
Through forests primeval, dark-waving and wide,
There's a scene which for grandeur has scarcely a peer—
'Tis the wild roaring rush of the mighty Chaudiére.

"On, onward it dashes, an ocean of spray;
How madly it lashes each rock on its way!
Like the onset of hosts, when spear breaks against spear,
Is th' omnipotent sweep of the mighty Chaudiére.

"See! see where it now from yon ledge wildly leaps—
Less swift down some Alps the dread avalanche sweeps
That vortex below may well agonize where
Right into its throat goes the mighty Chaudiére.

'Evermore, evermore, where sheer downwards it springs,
Its mist-mantle it weaves—its loud anthem it sings;
Yonder isle in its path seems to quiver with fear—
It may well dread the shock of the mighty Chaudiére.

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"Though for lips uninspired it seems almost a crime
To be aught else than mute by a scene so sublime,
Could I voice all I feel as I gaze on it here,
How immortal in song were the mighty Chaudiére."
—*Poems and Songs.*

1808-1878

LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM F. COFFIN, born in England, and educated at Eton College. Coming to Canada in 1830, he studied and practised law in Montreal. He was joint sheriff of the district of Montreal for some years, and received the appointment of H.M. agent for the management of the Ordnance Estates, Canada. Mr. Coffin, son of a family engaged in military affairs for several generations, a descendant of a U.E. Loyalist, and himself an enthusiastic officer of our active volunteer force, was a man most likely to enter heartily into the history of the War of 1812-15. The author also being an official of the Canadian Government gave him a unique opportunity of writing, *1812: The War and Its Moral; a Canadian Chronicle,* which was published, 1864, Montreal. In the preface to his work, he frankly states that he views the trouble from the British-Canadian standpoint, which was undoubtedly provoked by the false and bombastic accounts which had appeared from those who had been opponents. His account of the war has been unduly praised and unduly depreciated. Mr. Coffin's personal sketches lend life and animation to

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the story, but the fault of the book is, perhaps, chiefly to be found in the too florid and too labored biographical episodes, which lead the reader away from the current of the narrative.

PAUL KANE was the son of a soldier, who in all probability was a member of the small detachment of regulars that accompanied Governor Simcoe when he removed, in 1794, to Little York, the future capital of Ontario. Mr. Paul Kane attended the Home District Grammar School, wherein he got all his elementary school training and his first lessons in the art of which he afterwards became so successful a votary. The Mississauga Indians, whose wigwams were then on the cleared land at the mouth of the Don, when the first survey was made in 1793, for years afterwards haunted the little village of York, now the prosperous city of Toronto.

1810-1871

Here young Kane grew up in the midst of the struggle between the rudeness of savage life and the hopeful advance in betterment of the Anglo-Saxon. The appearance of the Indian in such an environment is little likely to enlist the attention of an artist in his favor; but it is obvious that the scenes made a deep impression upon the mind of young Paul. The following extract from Rev. Dr. Scad-

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ding's *Toronto of Old* may indicate one source of the influence which guided the future of the promising young artist: "During the time of the early settlement of this country the sons of even the most respectable families were brought into contact with semi-barbarous characters. A sporting ramble through the woods, a fishing excursion on the waters, could not be taken without communication with Indians and half-breeds and bad specimens of the French voyageur. It was from such sources that a certain idea was derived, which, as we remember, was in great vogue among the more fractious of the lads at the school at York. The proposition circulated about, whenever anything went counter to their notions, always was, to run away to the 'Nor'-West.' What the process really involved, or where the 'Nor'-West' precisely was, were things vaguely realized." A sort of savage land of "Cockaigne," a region of perfect freedom among the Indians, was imagined; and to reach it Lakes Huron and Superior were to be traversed. Master Kane's early efforts in drawing were not regarded with favor, being looked upon as designed to avoid steady industrial labor. It fared with him as with the nephew of a member of the Society of Friends who conveyed to Mrs. Moodie his complaint in the words following: "Susanna, I am

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sorry to say, Jonathan is too much given to literature."

Mr. Kane's strength was for a different industry. To secure his object he worked earnestly at his profession in both Canada and the United States, carefully saving all the money that he could, and was so successful that he was able to sail in 1841 from Orleans for Europe. On the Continent he spent the next four years, studying in the great cities of European art and making copies of the works of the great masters. This trip was of the highest service to him; his mind had been enlarged by observation and by friendly intercourse with artists trained in the best schools of Europe. Thus equipped he set out in 1845 to do what he had during many years prepared himself to accomplish. What that purpose was is best given in his own words, found in *The Wanderings of an Artist,* published in London, 1859: "On my return to Canada from the Continent of Europe, I determined to devote whatever talents and proficiency I possessed to the painting of a series of pictures illustrative of the North American Indian and scenery. The subject was one in which I felt a deep interest in my boyhood."

Accordingly, leaving Toronto early in 1845, he spent the succeeding four years in the West of Canada, which was then largely under the

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control of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Governor of the Company, Sir Geo. Simpson, was very friendly to him, allowing him to travel with their boats all through the country. Kane crossed the Canadian Rockies and remained on the Pacific Coast for a number of months. He brought back with him to Toronto the most valuable collection ever made in America of Indian curiosities, together with four hundred sketches of scenes met with in his many journeys.

Sir Geo. Simpson commissioned him to paint twelve pictures of buffalo hunts, Indian camps, councils, feasts, etc., or any other view that he thought most suitable. In 1851, by a vote of the Legislature, he was authorized to execute a series of Indian pictures, which are now hung in the Parliamentary Library, Ottawa. His most liberal patron, Hon. Geo. W. Allan, gave him a commission to execute for him a series of one hundred oil paintings of Indian life, landscapes, portraits, and groups, which he performed with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his worthy patron. These valuable paintings are now in the possession of E. B. Osler, M.P.

During the last eleven or twelve years of his life, his eyesight failed to such an extent that he was compelled to forego his favorite art.

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The narrative of his wanderings is a simple but interesting and spirited description of novel phenomena and events of travel; and his career is a creditable instance of the pursuit of a favorite art by a self-taught artist, in spite of the most discouraging obstacles to his success.

1811-1884

REV. ROBERT JACKSON MACGEORGE, a minister of the Church of England, was born in Scotland; educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh; came to Canada, 1841, and became incumbent of the English Church, Streetsville. In addition to the care of his charge, Mr. MacGeorge found time to do a great deal of literary work. Under his guidance, as its editor, the Streetsville *Weekly Review* became most influential, having a larger number of hearty, intelligent outside readers than any other journal in Upper Canada. Besides contributing much to the newspaper press, he was editor of the *Anglo-American Magazine* for three years. He published, 1858, *Tales, Sketches and Lyrics,* and returned to Scotland the same year.

1815-1896

JAMES MCCARROLL was born in Ireland and obtained a good education in his native land, including a knowledge of the classics. He came to Canada with his family in 1831, and settled in the wild forest

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of Upper Canada. He began early to write to the press, and was encouraged to continue by the ready acceptance which his work received. In 1843 he became proprietor and editor of a newspaper in Peterborough, and for many years after he was in connection, in some capacity, with almost every journal and magazine within the Province. His letters, *Terry Finnegan,* addressed to the Hon. T. D. McGee, appeared in 1864, and were much appreciated.

He was for many years surveyor of the port of Toronto, and held other important positions under the Canadian Government.

His literary reputation will rest chiefly upon his poems, a collection of which was published in 1889: *Madeline and Other Poems,* by James McCarroll, with portrait and introduction by C. Lotin Hildreth. His verse is written in a kindly, optimistic spirit, and had he spent more time in preparation his rank would be much higher among Canadian poets.

"THE ELM TREE.

"Old giant from the days we call primeval,
In solitary greatness rooted there;
Lifting thy splendid head in pride coeval
With the dark mountain to the higher air.

"A grand old elm, but not an elm tree only,
For in thee dwells the spirit of the years;
The passer sees thee standing vast and lonely—
To him no awful presence there appears.

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"He does not see the phantoms thee surrounding,
Nor hear the voices from thy branches call,
Nor the low echoes from the rocks resounding;
Thy myst'ry cannot be resolved by all.

"But there is one within my father's dwelling,
Who from his window gazes out on thee;
He knows, old tree, the tale that thou art telling,
He hears and sees what none else hear or see.

"Thou hast a secret, old elm, worth the keeping,
We children knew it not in early days;
But they who far beyond thy shade are sleeping
Revealed it to us ere they went their ways.

"God pity us who wait with shrinking,
Like one sweet spirit for the falling leaf.
O brother, mine! in darkness I am thinking
Of severed branches and a scattered sheaf.

"Down the long road that dips into the valley,
The love-crowned visions of our youth have fled;
While like lost mariners we keep a tally
Of the sad years in desolation sped.

"But oh, remember, in these doubtful mazes
There is a fountain by the elm tree blest,
And the weird presence in its branches gazes
Through hope's bright portal in the happy west."

—*Poems, Songs and Ballads.*

His kindly spirit finds expression in the lines following:

"THE WAIF.

"Oh! poor little barefooted, hollow-cheeked thing,
How early dost thou and thy destiny meet!
Neither bright bud nor blossom thou comest in spring,
But a windfall of childhood struck down at our feet.

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"How aged and how cold the sunlight of those eyes!
How quenched every tint on that sorrowful face!
Where we find as we seek for thy lips' rosy dyes
But the trembling blue lines of dead joy in their place.

"Lonely waif! tossed about mid the winds and the rain,
In this terrible struggle for shelter and bread,
Oh, it is well that thou hast but one feeling of pain—
That of hunger and cold—all the others are dead!

"Then come to my arms, meanly clad as thou art,
Till the anguish that wastes thee for once is beguiled;
Lay thy head on my breast, with thine ear to my heart,
Till it rocks thee to sleep, my poor barefooted child."

In the "Grey Linnet," Mr. McCarroll joins humor with poetry, but we cannot find space for its insertion.

GILBERT AUCHINLECK, a Scotchman, lived for some years in the British West Indies, came to Toronto, and was one of the editors of the short-lived *Anglo-American Magazine*, published by Thomas Maclear, Toronto. Thereafter Mr. Auchinleck disappears, and we can find no trace of him.

His account of the war on the frontier between Great Britain and the United States in 1812-15, which originally appeared in the *Anglo-American Magazine*, and subsequently was issued as a separate volume, contains a tolerably full history of the struggle from its beginning to its close. The bare facts are stated generally, though not invariably, with

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accuracy. When it appeared, in 1855, it was the best narrative which hitherto had been published of the British conduct of the war. The history is valuable, as it contains a number of official documents relating to the management of the fratricidal conflict. The greatest objection which can be made against the work is that the writer's strong attachment to British institutions and interests renders him too violent a partisan to see any aspect of the question but one. The period from 1812 to 1815, more than any other in our annals, offers strong temptation to our historians to overstep the bounds of judicial impartiality.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE was born in Liverpool, England. His parents were able to give their son only such education as could be got at one of the ordinary schools, which at that time in England was of a very elementary character. At an early age he learned the trade of cabinet-making. After a married life of ten years in England, he came to Montreal, in 1853, and worked at his trade until he joined the *Daily Witness*, of that city, as a reporter. Many regard this step as the mistake of his life. He was too old to begin the trying work of a reporter, and his poetic genius was a hindrance to him in making copy for a daily newspaper. Working

1816-1876

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hard at the bench with his hands during the day did not prevent him from thinking and arranging his thoughts in order to be written out at night. In this manner, it is said, his most important book, *Saul,* a drama, was prepared. *Saul* was first published in 1857, by John Lovell, Montreal; a revised edition in 1859, do.; and a third edition, revised, also, in 1869, Boston, which is said to be the best, but the writer was not able to see a copy of this last edition. Heavysege worked at the trade of wood-carving while *Saul* was being published.

Mr. Heavysege has the credit of knowing two books well—the Bible and Shakespeare. *Saul* shows conclusively his intimate knowledge of the Bible, also his familiarity with some of the writers of the Elizabethan period. The reader will detect faults of rhythm in the poem, and some other faults, likewise; but he will find also many fine passages and many perfect lines. *Saul* is a drama of great creative power. The several parts hang well together. The fault of the work is its prolixity, and it is a great fault. The length of some of the speeches, even in the most trying circumstances, is most unaccountable. It is much to be regretted that Heavysege failed to observe the dignity and power of the brevity of the Bible record, and that he did not more closely follow in the footsteps of the incomparable Shakespeare, whom he prized so highly.

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Saul has been most favorably noticed by British, Canadian, and American writers of the highest standing, and we quote in approval the words of the *North British Review*, August, 1858: "Indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written outside of Great Britain."

Many lines and passages have been marked for the purpose of quoting, but space will permit only a very few.

Jonathan speaks:

> "Yearn not o'er me.
> What we have done, O king and sires, is ours,
> Part of ourselves:—Yea, more, it will not die
> When we shall, nor can any steal it;
> For honor hath that cleaving quality,
> It sticks upon us and none may remove it
> Except ourselves by future deeds of baseness."

There is a beautiful passage, too long to quote, describing the effect of music—David playing his harp the first time before the king.

There is an abundance of similes, many of them homely but expressive. David, on getting permission from his father to visit the camp, says:

> "As a coiled cane, when suddenly unloosed,
> Rebounding, quivers, throbs my heart with joy."

Most wise words are addressed by Saul to David after he had slain the champion of the Philistines:

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"Full many things are best forgot; and all
The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,
Should from our memories be let slip away,
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
Ere comes the autumn. It were wise, nay just,
To strike with pen a balance, to forgive,
If not forget, their evil for their good's sake."

We must forbear quoting the many noble lines and passages which are to be found in the words of Jonathan to his bosom friend, David, the warrior. Any one writing about King Saul could not avoid dealing with the supernatural, referred to in the Biblical history by the words, "An evil spirit from the Lord." It is interesting to observe how Mr. Heavysege develops it; he had evidently given much thought to the subject, and felt at liberty to represent these spirits as troubling the king unwillingly. We quote part of a lyric, not equal to many of our best, still not a common one for good quality.

Zaph speaks:

"Zepho, the sun's descended beam
Hath laid his rod on the ocean stream;
And this o'erhanging wood-top nods
Like golden helms of drowsy gods.
Methinks that now I'll stretch for rest,
With eyelids sloping towards the west;
That, through their half transparencies,
The rosy radiance passed and strained,
Of mote and vapor duly drained,
I may believe, in hollow bliss,
My rest in the empyrean is."

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Mr. Heavysege wrote several other works of interest, the best of which is *Jephthah's Daughter,* a dramatic poem in heroic metre, consisting of between 1,200 and 1,300 lines. The poem shows an advance on the poet's part in artistic value of his work, both in grandeur and dignity, and also much imagination and feeling. The mode of treatment adopted by him suits his genius better than that in *Saul.* The writer is always at his best in dealing with Scripture subjects, doubtless owing to his high power of interpreting moral issues. The fault which we noticed in *Saul,* of attributing long speeches—too long—to persons in a state of great excitement, reappears in *Jephthah's Daughter.* There is much skill in the development of the characters of the three principal persons in the poem.

The probability is that the future fame of Mr. Heavysege with the many will depend more on his shorter poems, such as *Jephthah's Daughter,* and some of his fragmentary poems (sonnets) than on his masterpiece, *Saul.*

We can only quote a few of his fine passages.

The Daughter speaks:

"Soft as the sobbing surge, at first, he spoke.
Oh, think how hard it is to die when young!
Keen is the edge of this sharp retrospect,
To be no more o'er smarting memory drawn."

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It is said of Jephthah:

> "He kissed her with
> Such passion as boon lovers kiss with when
> They, parting, still repeat the sad salute."

Again the Daughter finally speaks:

> "Recording how, inviolable, stood
> The bounds of Israel, by my blood secured.
> Nor more shall they thus celebrate myself
> Than laud my sire, who, in his days of might,
> Swore, not in vain, unto the Lord, who gave
> Him victory, although he took his child;—
> Took her, but gave him in her stead his country,
> With a renowned, imperishable name."

SIR DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.C., a native of the city of Edinburgh, where he obtained the best academic training the city could give. After doing considerable literary work in Edinburgh and London, he was appointed to the Chair of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto, 1853. On the retirement of the Rev. Dr. McCaul, he received the appointment of president of the College, 1881, and president of the University of Toronto, 1887. The honor of Knighthood was bestowed upon him in 1888, by Her Majesty Queen and Empress Victoria.

1816-1892

Author of several volumes before he came to Canada, which gained for him a high reputation as a student and writer in Archæology.

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Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World, 2 vols, 1862. A valuable work which may be regarded as his chief contribution on the subject in which he was an authority. *Chatterton: A Biographical Study,* 1869, in which the author sympathetically gathers all that is worthy of record about the unhappy and ill-fated boy-poet of Bristol. This book he regarded with much satisfaction as a vindication of the young poetic genius of the eighteenth century. *The Missing Link,* 1873. An interesting Shakespearian study this, combining high imaginative powers with severe critical faculty. *Spring Wild Flowers,* 1873, a reprint of a small volume of verse published many years before, with two or three poems of a later time of life added to those written "when life was in the spring." *Right Hand: Left-Handedness,* 1891. To those who had the privilege of attending Dr. Wilson's lectures, the reading of this book will vividly recall the great facility he had in using either the right or left hand. *Lost Atlantis, and Other Ethnographic Studies,* 1892. This volume, the proofs of which Sir Daniel Wilson was engaged in reading a few days before he was taken away, appeared shortly after that event. His style is graceful and attractive, his diction smooth and melodious.

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Under the spell of the beautiful and charming language of the Professor, the student, whose duty it was to take notes of the lecture, often let the pencil lie idle.

After this fashion he voices the thoughts and longings of the Scot away from his native hills and glens:

"THE SCOT ABROAD.

"Oh, to be in the kindly land,
Whether mellow autumn smile or no.
It is well if the joyous reaper stand
Breast-deep in the yellow corn, sickle in hand;
But I care not though sleety east winds blow,
So long as I tread its strand.

"To be wandering there at will,
Be it sunshine, or rain, or its winds that brace;
To climb the old familiar hill;
Of the storied landscape to drink my fill,
And look out on the gray old town at its base,
And linger a dreamer still.

"Weep, rather, aye, weep sore,
For him who departs to a distant land.
There are pleasant homes on the far-off shore:
Friends, too, but not like the friends of yore,
That fondly, but vainly, beckoning stand
For him who returns no more.

"Oh, to be on Scottish earth,
Lapped in the clods of the kindly soil;
Where the soaring laverock's song has its birth
In the welkin's blue; and its heavenward mirth
Sends a rapture to earth-born toil—
What matter? death recks not the dearth."

—*Spring Wild Flowers.*

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WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C., born in England, came to Canada with his parents in 1832, was for a short while in Montreal, and removed to Niagara in 1839. Mr. Kirby received part of his education in the United States of America, under the care of a Scotchman, who was a fine classical scholar. During twenty years he edited and published the *Mail* in the town of Niagara; in 1871 he received the appointment of Collector of Customs for the same town, and retired from the public service in 1895.

1817-1906

Mr. Kirby made his home in historic Niagara during three-score years and five. During these years he made Canada his debtor by his services as a journalist, novelist and poet, in addition to devotion to his duties as a public officer of the Customs. He is the singer of Niagara's many natural beauties on land, river, and lake; he recalls, cons, and elaborates the troubles and renowned achievements of British soldiers and Canadian militiamen on the border of this country and that of our neighbor to the south of us. Mr. Kirby published his first work, *The United Empire,* in 1859, an epic poem, very interesting on account of its many references to historic persons and events. Two editions, at least, of *The Canadian Idylls* have appeared, one in 1888, the second in 1894.

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Thus he writes of the River Niagara:

"The broad majestic river full of light
Flowed past in silence—where alone was heard
The refluent eddy, lapping on the rocks
Of narrow footing underneath the cliffs."

—*Pontiac.*

And on this wise of the Lake:

"Where Lake Ontario lays his stately head
In the broad lap of hills, that stretch away
To the long slopes of Flamboro', forest clad
With oak and beech, and many a spiry pine
Fast rooted on the crags."

—*Stoney Creek.*

And thus of men:

"Alas! if God's or woman's love should cease
Because of faults in man! Then lost, indeed,
Were he, without a hope to gild his lot!"

Mr. Kirby is much better known by his work in prose than he is for his verse. Of his prose publications the best is undoubtedly *The Golden Dog* (1877), of which several editions have appeared in England, United States of America, and in Canada. It has also been translated into French. *Le Chien d'Or* has deservedly received much praise from competent critics and is much read at the present day by the public. It is to his credit that he was one of our earliest writers to make good use of the rich material awaiting the appreciative artist in the annals of Quebec. Sir Gilbert

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Parker has followed his lead in the same vein to good purpose in recent years.

1818-1896

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN came to Canada from Scotland in 1840. He learned the trade of a tailor in Glasgow. In Ontario, then Upper Canada, or Canada West, he made several unsuccessful attempts at farming, which explains his many allusions to chopping, clearing, and the "oxen terrible to haul," found in his verse. For some twenty-five years (1852-1877) Mr. McLachlan lived on a lot of one acre, near the village of Erin, and then removed to his farm in the township of Amaranth. Owing to the many changes in his family, he disposed of his farm and went to live in the town of Orangeville, where he soon after died, in 1896.

While living in Erin he devoted himself to his trade, and to reading, writing, and lecturing. In 1862 a fellow-poet, the Hon. T. D. McGee, obtained for him the position of Government Emigration Agent for Scotland, a post which he highly prized. A testimonial was made by his friends to him in 1872, which, with their consent, was used to pay for the printing of the volume of 1874. Another testimonial was presented to him by his admirers in 1890, a trust investment of $2,100.

The most productive time of his life was

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when he lived on the acre lot in Erin, when the writer had the pleasure of meeting him. He was a man of average height, spare build, blue eyes, and abundant dark hair. His face carried the beauty of thought. There were five publications during his life-time, and all his poetical works were collected and edited, together with an introduction, biographical sketch, notes, and a glossary, in 1900. (William Briggs, Toronto.) It is to this volume that references are made. In the elegy on his favorite son, John, the father speaks on this wise:

"Farewell, my beloved son, we'll meet again
In a higher and holier sphere,
Where the myst'ry of sorrow, the meaning of pain,
And death's mighty mission is made clear.
We'll meet in the land where no sable suits,
No grinding of heart and of brain,
And this tearing of affections e'en up by the roots
Shall lacerate never again"— .

lines which indicate that he found at least a partial answer to the question he so often asked, "Who knows?"

Mr. McLachlan has written beautiful poems, and many fine passages can easily be culled from his poetical work. His memory would be cherished with more honor and fervor if he had diligently weighed and polished what he had written. The quantity would be less, no

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doubt, but the increase in quality would more than compensate for the loss in bulk.

He is distinguished for introspection, weirdness, found in such poems as "Mystery, Mystery," "Ah, Me," "Who Knows?" etc.; his sympathy with workers of the soil, love of the country, pure pathos, as shown in "Old Hannah"; insight into the beauties of nature, whether seen in mountains, trees, or flowers. Another strong feature of his work is a half melancholy self-consciousness, which crops up everywhere in his sketches, a good example of which is found in "David, King of Israel." His nature poems appear to us as the best part of his work, and the part on which his future fame will rest. A quotation from one of them is given below.

Alexander McLachlan is sometimes compared with Robert Burns. True it is that much of Burns' method and manner are to be found in McLachlan's poems, and it is truth to say that he shuns the objectionable features to be met with in Burns' work. But we must add that Burns reaches heights in true poetry never reached by McLachlan. As a love poet Burns is to this day unexcelled, if equalled.

Such lines as

> "Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
> Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
> Never met—or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

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are immortal. The Wizard of the North said they had the essence of a thousand love stories in them. The contribution made by McLachlan to Canadian English literature is such that Canadians will honor themselves by keeping it in living memory.

"But where Thy smile its glory sheds,
The lilies lift their lovely heads,
And the primrose rare;
And the daisy, deck'd with pearls
Richer than the proudest earls
On their mantles wear.

"These Thy preachers of the wildwood,
Keep they not the heart of childhood
Fresh within us still?
Spite of all our life's sad story
There are gleams of Thee and glory
In the daffodil.

"Nature's secret heart rejoices,
And the rivers lift their voices,
And the sounding sea;
And the mountains, old and hoary,
With their diadems of glory,
Shout, Lord, to Thee!

"Yet, tho' Thou art high and holy,
Thou dost love the poor and lowly
With love divine.
Love infinite! love supernal!
Love undying! love eternal!
Lord God, are thine!"

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WILLIAM KINGSFORD, C.E., F.R.S.C., was born and educated in England. In early boyhood he was articled to an architect, but not liking the work, he enlisted in the 1st Dragoon Guards when he was only in his seventeenth year, and came to Canada with the Guards in 1837. Through the influence of friends he obtained his discharge in 1841. In Montreal he qualified for surveying and civil engineering. As engineer he did good service in Montreal, United States of America, South America, on the continent of Europe, the city of Toronto, the public service of Canada, and on the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways.

1819-1898

When about sixty-five years of age he found himself free to gratify an inclination he had always had for literary work. As early as 1845 he was joint editor and proprietor for a few years of a newspaper in the city of Montreal, and during his professional life he wrote and published several essays and pamphlets upon various subjects. To write a new history of Canada was an undertaking worthy of noble ambition, an undertaking in which the sense of duty would find an ample field for operation. The time was opportune. The Confederation of the British Provinces in America, speaking generally, had existed and prospered greatly for more than a quarter of

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a century. In consequence of the union of these heretofore independent and comparatively small communities, a new life had appeared and was being strongly felt throughout the whole of the wide Dominion. This spirit of energy, enterprise, and ambition was felt not only in material affairs, but the intellect of the young nation was also aroused, and reached out in every direction, tending to bring the peoples of all the Provinces into one well-ordered community.

> "By the soul
> Only shall the nations be great and free."

Thus he was led to undertake the serious task of writing a history of Canada. He took up his residence in the city of Ottawa, in order to avail himself of all the advantages a residence there could afford him. For his purpose the Archives contained the chief treasure. To accomplish his work he divided the day methodically. To a friend he writes: "I rise at 5.00; work till 9.00; go to the Archives or Library till 12.30; lunch at 1.00; resume at 3.00; write letters or continue MSS. to 5.45; then tea and read or write until I retire, which I do at an early hour." Thus, day in, day out, Mr. Kingsford systematically devoted himself to the interests of his History. Truly it may well be said of him that "he scorned

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delights and lived laborious days." The result of these twelve years of exacting labor is ten volumes, making a total of about six thousand pages.

The strongly marked features of the stalwart frame of the engineer indicated the determined character of William Kingsford, otherwise the whole of the History had never been published. For it is well known that, notwithstanding the personal financial sacrifice made by himself, it was owing to the timely aid of three friends that he was able to publish the last volume of his work.

The narrative begins "at the earliest date of the French rule," and reaches the Union of the Provinces, "as carried out by Lord Sydenham in 1841." Notwithstanding that he brought to his work much experience of men in various countries, uncommon diligence, and had ready access to the Dominion Archives at Ottawa, he has not by any means given to Canada an ideal history. His method and style are not those of the first-class historian. The long sentences, the heaping up of details that bury the life of the historic story, weary the reader. The writer gave the most of his holiday, one summer, to the reading of the History, and though he learned many things which he did not know before, the recollection is not inspiring. On the other hand, Mr.

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Kingsford is to be commended for having brought together much new information, and no wise historian, writing the history of Canada, can safely ignore the valuable contribution made by him to historical studies in America. He lived only a few months after the completion of the History. The Universities of Queen's and Dalhousie bestowed on him the honorary degree of LL.D.; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and there is now a Kingsford Professor of History in the University of McGill, Montreal. Queen Victoria bestowed on his widow a civil list pension of £100.

1820-1854

JOHN BREAKENRIDGE was born in Niagara, educated at Upper Canada College, and of Osgoode Hall Barrister-at-Law. He published, in 1846, *The Crusades, and Other Poems.*

The Crusades is not a poem, but a series of poems. The writer in this fashion explains the matter to his readers in the preface: "I feel that *The Crusades* is a very inappropriate title for the volume; but the truth is, the long poem, which I have placed at the end, remained unfinished when the prospectus was published." *The Crusades* is a series of detached pieces having a relation to the Crusades, such as the "Battle of Antioch," "The

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Troubadour to the Captive Richard Cœur de Lion," etc., all belonging to the epic style of poetry. The only exception which can be made to this statement is that the longer poem, "Laïza," referred to by the author in the above extract from the preface, is in octo-syllabic lines. This well-sustained poem has lost none of its interest since it was written owing to the doings of the British in Abyssinia, where the scene of the story in the poem is laid. The book has poetic merit, though the style is prosaic and diffuse in some parts; the versification is flowing and correct, and shows that the author possessed much power of imagination. The spirit of a soldier breathes throughout the whole volume.

"O England, arise! for thine honor advance,
And punish the traitor, King Philip of France;
Spread out thy broad standard—'Saint George' be the cry;
To rescue our Richard, brave cavaliers, fly!
Alas! in the dungeons of savage Tyrol
No hope ever comes to the poor captive soul."

—*The Troubadour.*

1820 JOHN MERCIER MCMULLEN was born and educated in Ireland, lived in India for a short time, returned to Ireland, and thence removed to Canada in 1849. Mr. McMullen began business in Brockville as bookseller, where he devoted

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himself to journalism, buying the *Monitor,* a Liberal-Conservative newspaper of that town. Mr. McMullen, recognizing the disadvantage under which Canadians labored in not possessing a history of their own country, patriotically charged himself with the task of writing such a work as would supply the lack.

After spending much time and labor in collecting and arranging his material, the first edition of his Canadian History was issued in 1855, the second in 1867, the third and last edition in 1892, each edition bringing the history of the country down to the date of its publication. By earnest effort on the author's part, each subsequent edition of the history was an improvement on its predecessor.

The reader will be ready to admit Mr. McMullen's claim of being independent in his narrative of political parties, and yet, though with regret, he will recognize that there are still serious defects in this History of Canada. It is lacking in accuracy and nicety of scholarship; but its grave defect is the slight notice taken of educational affairs. The History impresses the reader as being made up of articles primarily prepared for a newspaper, which afterwards, without sufficient recasting, were used in making a history. Canadians, especially those living in Ontario, appreciate the author's contribution to Canadian history.

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CHARLES LINDSEY was born in England and educated there. He came to
1820 Canada in 1841; in 1846 joined the editorial staff of the Toronto *Examiner,* and in 1853 was appointed editor of the Toronto *Leader,* which was then, and for years after, the leading Liberal-Conservative journal in Upper Canada. In 1867 he obtained the appointment of Registrar of Deeds for the city of Toronto, a position he recently resigned.

Mr. Lindsey wrote on the Clergy Reserves question, prohibitory liquor laws, the prairies of the Western States, the unsettled boundaries of Ontario, etc. The publication by which he is best known is *The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie,* with an account of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and the subsequent frontier disturbance, chiefly from unpublished documents. Two volumes. 1862. Contains portraits, plates, and an index.

Subsequent to Mr. Mackenzie's return from exile to Canada, in 1849, Mr. Lindsey became his son-in-law, and thereafter he was in the habit of talking to him very freely about his past history and difficulties. No two men could well be more apart in their views of political matters than these were. By not being in the country during 1837-8, together with the close relationship between

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them, and their well-known divergence on political questions, Mr. Lindsey claimed that he had advantages in his favor for writing an impartial account of the trying period under review. Competent judges, some of whom were themselves more or less participants in the unhappy movements, have borne testimony to the success with which the author of *The Life and Times of William Lyon Mackenzie* has accomplished his delicate, self-imposed task. No intelligent student of Canadian history can afford with safety to neglect a careful study of *The Life and Times* by Mr. Charles Lindsey.

1821-1884

ALPHEUS TODD, born in England, came to Canada with the family in 1833; entered the service of the Legislative Assembly, Upper Canada, about 1834, and was Assistant Librarian before the Union of the two Provinces in 1840, being retained in the same office after the Union. In 1856 he was appointed Librarian, which office he held in the Dominion Library at Ottawa till his death.

In 1839 he published *The Practice and Privileges of the Two Houses of Parliament.* Toronto. This volume was received with much favor, the Legislative Assembly adopting it for their guide, and defraying the expenses

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connected with its publication. This was four years before Sir Thomas Erskine May published his work treating of the same subjects. In 1867-9, 2 vols., London, appeared his *Treatise on Parliamentary Government in England; Its Origin, Development, and Practical Operation.* In regard to this valuable work the *Edinburgh Review* said in part: "It is a remarkable circumstance that we should be indebted to a resident in a distant colony, the librarian of the Canadian House of Parliament, for one of the most useful and complete books which has ever appeared on the practical operation of the British Constitution." A second edition, edited by a son of the author (A. H. T.), was published in 1887-9; highly praised by competent judges. In 1880 he published *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies.* All admirable books, the style remarkably clear and logical, "and nobody will detect the least colonial or provincial flavor in his book."

Admirable and valuable as these volumes undoubtedly are, yet it is likely that the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa will preserve his memory and good name to future generations of Canadians better even than his written works. Dr. Todd in a measure created the Library; it grew up about him. A most helpful librarian he was to the student. The

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writer remembers his attitude to the seeker after knowledge; his manner was apt to become chilly towards mere birds of passage.

1821-1904

EDWARD J. CHAPMAN, Ph.D., was born in England, educated in France, and served with the army in Algiers. Returning to England he studied engineering, and became Professor of Mineralogy, University of Toronto, 1853. Tall and erect, his sinewy frame never lost the impress of the military training which he had undergone in his youthful days. As a professor he was methodical in his teaching, took much interest in the progress of his students, and from personal experience the writer can say, that no teacher ever prepared a scholar better for passing an examination. He was author of several elementary text-books on mineralogy, and various scientific papers. *A Song of Charity* was published in 1857, Toronto, and the Professor tells us in the dedication to his kind friends in Orillia, Canada West, that his *Song* was composed, in chief part, during a summer's holiday on the waters and amidst the islets of little Lake Couchiching. Here have we, as in all his poetry, a genuine note of inspiration, and in the *Song of Charity* it is touched with Canadian sentiment and scenery.

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"As though across the sunflush, slowly,
And the wind-stirred grass, were moving,
In its glory and its loving,
From God's self, an angel holy—
Onwards, sunwards, softly moving,
Seeking ever in its loving
For the sinless soul released
From the silent, worthless dead.
.
Puts in for the stones a helping word:
'Surely,' he says, 'they cannot be
So useless: for from Him they came,
Who built with them the wondrous frame
Of this great world's immensity.'"

In the same volume "A Canadian Summer's Night" appears, a beautiful poem and often quoted.

Professor Chapman retired from the University of Toronto in 1895, and removed to England, where he published, in 1899, *A Drama of Two Liars, The Snake-Witch, and Other Poems.* London. In this volume many fine passages are found.

With regard to "A Canadian Summer's Night," the author says: "In its present issue most of the verses have been re-cast, and some are entirely new. If it possess no special poetic merit, its perusal will at least serve to show that Canada is not, as too frequently depicted, a land altogether of snow and ice."

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JOHN GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D., author, born in Ireland and came to Canada, 1833; educated at Upper Canada Academy and at Victoria University, M.A. 1856; subsequently he followed the law course at the University of Toronto; LL.D. 1870. His connection with the official educational work of the Province began in 1844, as chief clerk of the Education Office. Mr. Hodgins was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Education, 1855, and on the retirement of the Chief Superintendent of Education, 1876, he became Deputy Minister of Education. This office he retained until 1889, when he was entrusted with the position of Librarian and Historiographer of the Education Department, duties which he still performs. As characteristic of the spirit of this public servant, soon after his first appointment he spent several months in his native land examining the working of the Irish system of national education, thus preparing himself for the better performance of his various duties in connection with education in Ontario. He wrote extensively on educational subjects; was one of the gentlemen under whose supervision the work, *The Story of My Life*, by Rev. Dr. Ryerson, was published, and he is the author of several papers on the educational work of the founder of the Public School system of Ontario. Dr.

1821

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Hodgins, who served under Dr. Ryerson thirty-three years, himself a master among public men, thus writes of his friend to the Hon. Edward Blake: "He is the most thoroughly trained man in all Canada for the Education Department, and is the ablest and most thorough administrator of a public department of any man whom I have met."

But the work which will perpetuate his memory is that on which he has been engaged for many years: *The Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada (Ontario).* A most valuable contribution the Doctor, by this work, is making to the historical literature of Canada. The accounts of the many transactions in connection with the development of our educational history are so involved and intricate, that no one now living can approach Dr. Hodgins' mastery of the subject. He is familiar with every branch of the story.

His writings are marked by wide learning, accurate care and thoughtful consideration; his style is clear and incisive.

1822-1900

GEORGE MARTIN, born in Ireland; the family removed to Canada, 1832; he was educated at a literary institute in the State of New York; lived in Montreal after 1835, where he followed the business of photography; a friend of the poet

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Charles Heavysege. It is related of the friends, that Mr. Heavysege at one time was in need of money to publish one of his poems. Mr. Martin loaned the money and Mr. Heavysege gave a note. When the note became due he went to Mr. Martin, and, with a heavy heart, told his friend that the poem failed to bring in the sum required, whereupon Mr. Martin burned the note, thus relieving his friend of the necessity of repayment. Such an act of friendship should not be allowed to pass out of memory. Of his friend Martin writes:

> "So childlike, modest, reticent,
> With head in meditation bent,
> He walked our streets, and no one knew
> That something of celestial hue
> Had passed along; a toil-worn man
> Was seen no more."

Mr. Martin published, in 1887, a volume of superior verse, *Marguerite, and Other Poems,* Montreal, which was well received on both sides of the Atlantic. *Marguerite* embodies an old French legend, worthy of careful study.

> "So came the autumn's ruddy prime,
> And all my hopes, which had no morrow,
> Like seaweed cast upon the beach,
> Like driftwood bravely out of reach
> Of waves that were attuned to sorrow,
> Lay lifeless on the strand of time."
>
> —*Marguerite.*

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"She tells me—I know she tells me true—
'My good man—God be kind—had long been sick,
And one cold morning when the snowstorm blew,
He said, "Dear Bess, it grieves me to the quick
To see you venture out—give me my stick,
I'll come to you at gloamin'
And bide you home," '—she paused, the rest I knew."
—*Poor Apple Woman.*

"We only know that we are here,
That life is brief and death is sure;
That it is noble to endure
And keep the eye of conscience clear."
—*W. H. Magee.*

Such are a few illustrations of Mr. Martin's verse. Other passages were selected for the purpose of quoting, but space forbids, and we should much prefer that the reader would be thus induced to seek for himself the beauties to be found in his volume of poetry. We have the impression that hurry and business prevented him from doing justice to his natural endowments.

1822-1893

CHARLES SANGSTER was the grandson of a Scotch soldier who fought in the American Revolution, and his father was a joiner in the British Navy on the upper lakes. Mr. Sangster was born in Kingston, Ontario, Canada, losing his father when he was only two years old. In early life he gave up attendance at school to help his

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widowed mother to provide for the wants of the household. During several years he held a subordinate position in the Ordnance Office in Kingston. In 1849 he began earnestly to work for the press at Amherstburg, and subsequently in Kingston. As frequently happens with such men, Mr. Sangster contributed in both prose and verse to public journals from a very early age; but from this time he made literary effort a serious part of his life-work. This brief statement shows that he had few opportunities of acquainting himself with the works of writers which would have fostered his genius so as to become a poet of high rank. Such being the case, he deserves credit for his manly perseverance and energy in overcoming his many disadvantages. To him belongs the honor of being the first poet who made appreciative use of Canadian subjects in his poetical work.

In this sense he is a true representative Canadian poet. His first volume, *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and Other Poems*, was published in 1856, and though many defects may be found in it, indicating undue haste in preparation and over-confidence on the part of the author, yet fine rhythm and spirit are often met with throughout the whole of the volume. This volume established his position as a poet of no common power, which was

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freely accorded to him by writers in Britain, in the United States, and in Canada. The lyric to "The Isles in the St. Lawrence" is much admired, and also "The Rapids." *Hesperus, and Other Poems and Lyrics,* published in 1860, added much to Mr. Sangster's reputation as a poet, and deservedly so. The second volume is not open to the same objections as the first, at least not to the same extent. The poems in this volume are more highly finished and show greater skill and care in the poetic art. Mr. Sangster is at his best, perhaps, in his martial pieces, such as "Brock," "Wolfe," "Song for Canada," etc. He had a passionate love for nature; but his grand theme was love—the noblest of themes; yet it is an open question whether he would not be more acceptable to the general public had he restrained his inclination in this direction.

Mr. Sangster was for many years before his death in the Civil Service at Ottawa. If he had had better school-training and more extensive reading in his youth, he would have produced more work and of a better quality. We praise him that he has left us so much in spite of his disadvantages. We make a few extracts from Sangster's work. The lyric to "The Isles" is too long for our space, but is well worth being remembered.

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"And now 'tis night. A myriad stars have come
To cheer the earth and sentinel the skies."

A morning scene:

"Slowly up the distant mountains
Rolls the changing purple screen,
While the swift rills, from their fountains
Leaping, clothe the sides with green.
Love's angels ever walk their starry round,
And with each morning Love is newly crowned."

From "Death of the Old Year" we take these four lines:

"Knowing nothing, we would cling
Like beggars to thy garment's hem;
Loose leaves upon a withered stem,
We fear what the next breath may bring."

"The Fine Old Wood" is a fair example of his treatment of what is called "nature" subjects. The above extracts are from his first volume. From the second volume we quote:

"God loves the silent worshipper.
The grandest hymn
That nature chants—the litany
Of the rejoicing stars—is silent praise.

"The silent tear
Holds keenest anguish in its orb of brine,
Deeper and truer grief
Than the loud wail that brings relief."

—*Hesperus.*

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"Sons of the mighty race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune isles
Through all their heights of fame!

"With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honored race
Whose deeds can never die.

"Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land."

—*Song of Canada.*

"Love's sun, like that of day, may set and set.
It has as bright a rising in the morn.
True love has no grey hairs; his golden locks
Can never whiten with the snows of time.
Sorrow lies on many a youthful heart
Like snow upon the evergreens; but love
Can gather sweetest honey by the way,
E'en from the carcass of some prostrate grief—
We have been spoiled with blessings. Though the world
Holds nothing dearer than the hope that's fled,
God ever opens up new founts of bliss—
Spiritual Bethsaidas—where the soul
Can wash the earth-stains from its fevered loins.
We cover our sorrows on the face of joy,
Reversing the true image; we are weak
When strength is needed most and most is given."

—*Au Revoir.*

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PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. (Oxon.), born in England, educated at the public schools and the University of Oxford; graduated B.A., 1845; at college and university gained many honors and prizes. He was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in his own university, 1858. During the Civil War in the United States of America he championed the cause of the Northern States, which he visited in 1864 and again in 1868. Having resigned his professorship before visiting the States the second time, he lectured on English Constitutional History at Cornell University, New York State, prior and subsequent to 1871, when he removed to Toronto, where he has since resided. On his removal to Canada he took an active part in literary and educational affairs, and rendered much useful assistance and important services.

1823

Dr. Smith has written a countless number of articles for the press, the magazines and reviews; he has also published a large number of pamphlets and books. The following volumes will afford a fair specimen of his historic reading and style: *Three English Statesmen, Pym, Cromwell and Pitt,* 1882; *Canada and the Canadian Question,* 1891; *The United States, An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871,* 1893; *The United Kingdom, A Political History,*

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1899. These volumes are not a contribution to the fund of historic material, but the result of the Professor's reading, thinking, and writing. The style is clear, terse, and forcible, that of one of our best masters of English prose.

1825-1894

ROBERT M. BALLANTYNE was born in Edinburgh, and was the son of a younger brother of James Ballantyne, the printer of Sir Walter Scott's works. Mr. R. M. Ballantyne remembered seeing his father copying Sir Walter's MS. in order to keep the secret of the author's identity. He received an appointment, in 1840, as clerk with the Hudson's Bay Company, at £20 a year. In the course of his service as clerk, he was sent to many of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, and thus came into possession of much information about that part of British America known to very few, even of the servants of the Company.

In 1848 he returned to Edinburgh and began that series of books which finally numbered more than eighty, beginning with *Hudson's Bay, or, Every-Day Life in the Wilds of North America during Six Years' Residence in the Territories of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company.* During more than forty years Ballantyne held among English-speaking people the chief place as a story-teller, especially with the

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young. His contemporary story-tellers were Jules Verne, Henty, and Kingston. There are now many dwellers in the Canadian West who were attracted to the riches to be found there by Ballantyne's popular and timely volumes.

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, born in Ireland and educated there, came to America when he was only seventeen and returned to Ireland, where he remained during the troublous years of agitation and disillusion. He had to leave Ireland in 1848, and again came to this continent. Mr. McGee was a ready writer and speaker, always writing poetry. In his former visit to the United States he made many friends and was regarded as the chief spokesman for the Irish everywhere. He entered into journalism and the publishing of newspapers, devoting himself to the cause of his race and country with much energy.

1825-1868

In his rash and ignorant advocacy of what he then considered the interests of his countrymen, he attributed the failure of the 1848 "Rising" to the clergy of his Church. This led to a warm controversy, chiefly conducted for his Church by Archbishop Hughes, of New York. Mr. McGee ever after regretted the mistake he had made in regard to the clergy of his Church.

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While he was in the United States of America he saw through "the cant of faction," and constantly, after 1852, he became the true friend of the Irish people by pointing out to them where true freedom for all people lies—in self-control. He was a great reader of books, and, without being in the strict sense a scholar, he was a scholarly man.

In 1857 he removed, induced by invitation of friends, to Canada, making Montreal his home, and within a year was elected one of the representatives of that city in the Parliament of the Province of Canada. Mr. McGee was an orator, and became a Canadian statesman of high repute. In and out of Parliament he advocated Confederation, and to him is due the chief credit for having, all over British North America, popularized the idea. His published addresses and speeches are well worth reading. His prose writings will do more, perhaps, to perpetuate his memory than his poetry. In 1858 he published *Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses,* Montreal. *The Poems of Thomas D'Arcy McGee,* with copious notes; also an introduction and biographical sketch by Mrs. I. Sadlier. Portrait. New York, 1870. Many of these poems are on Canadian subjects, but it is evident that the author had not sufficient opportunity to steadfastly court the muse of poetry. The poems are Irish in thought,

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feeling, and form of expression, and show an intense love of country. The following are significant:

> "I'd rather turn one simple verse
> True to the Gaelic ear,
> Than classic odes I might rehearse
> With senates list'ning near."

Not even a great poet would feel aggrieved by having these lines to his credit:

> "Where'er I turned some emblem still
> Roused consciousness upon my track;
> Some hill was like an Irish hill,
> Some wild bird's whistle call'd me back;
> Some sea-bound ship bore off my peace
> Between its white, cold wings of woe;
> Oh, if I had but wings like these,
> When my peace went I, too, would go!"

Many sweet lines are in Mr. McGee's poems, but space compels us to leave them unnoticed.

1825-1904

ALEXANDER BEGG, author and journalist, born in Scotland, educated at the parish school and the Normal School, Edinburgh; from the latter institution he obtained a diploma; taught school for a short time, and came to Canada, 1846. In Canada he devoted himself to journalism, held appointments in the civil services in more than one Province, and thereafter became much

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interested in emigration from Scotland to Canada, including the proposed removal of crofter families.

Mr. Begg published, 1894, the first continuous history of British Columbia, *The History of British Columbia from its Earliest Discovery to the Present Time.* The History begins with Capt. Cook's third voyage in 1776, and contains much well-arranged information regarding the Pacific slope of British North America. A well-made volume, but lacking an index.

1827 Rev. William Wye Smith, born in Scotland, brought to the United States when only three years old, and was educated there; removed to Canada in 1837. Mr. Smith taught in the public schools of Upper Canada (Ontario) for several years, at the same time contributing much in prose and verse to the press. Meanwhile, he was preparing himself for the ministry of the Congregational Church, of which he was ordained a minister in 1865. At present he is pastor of the Congregational Church in St. Catharines. He is likely, perhaps, to be remembered best by his contribution in verse to Canadian literature.

In 1850 he published *Alazon, and Other Poems,* and in 1888, *Poems. Alazon* is writ-

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ten in Spenserian stanza, in the use of which he shows considerable skill. In his poetry Mr. Smith exemplifies good taste and elegant diction. The poems strike native notes; not much art about them, but the born qualities of a cheerful singer.

"O the woods, the woods, the leafy woods,
And the laughing face of spring,
When the birds return from their far sojourn
With their latest new song to sing!
Then let me hie to the leafy woods
And banish my woe and care—
O I'll never repent of the day I went
To learn a sweet lesson there!"

HON. LUCIUS SETH HUNTINGTON, legislator, born in the Province of Quebec, Canada, of U.E.L. extraction; educated at the common schools, studied law at the town of Sherbrooke, teaching in a township high school during that time. Mr. Huntington was elected to the Parliament of the United Canadas in 1861, held office as Solicitor-General for Lower Canada in John Sandfield Macdonald's Government, and was also a member of Alexander Mackenzie's Government, 1873. For some years before his death he resided in the city of New York. In 1884 he surprised his friends by publishing *Professor Conant: A Story of English and American Social and Political Life,* which was

1827-1886

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fairly well received by critics. The reason which induced him to write this volume, he declares in the preface, was that the more nearly England and America are drawn together in every relation which promotes human happiness, the better service will they render mankind.

1828-1903

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D., born in Ireland; the family, when he was six years old, removed to Canada. After obtaining what education he could at the local schools in those early days in Canada, he entered the recently organized Normal School at Toronto, then under the management of Thos. J. Robertson, M.A., and the Rev. Wm. Ormiston, D.D. Thereafter Mr. Dewart taught school; was called to the ministry of the Methodist Church in 1851; became, by election, editor of *The Christian Guardian,* 1869, and was relieved in 1894. His published works: I. *Selections from Canadian Poets, with Occasional Critical and Biographical Notes, and an Introductory Essay on Canadian Poetry.* 1864. Montreal. II. *Songs of Life: A Collection of Poems.* 1869. Toronto. III. *Essays for the Times.* 1898. Toronto. This volume contains twenty-eight pages of Rev. Dr. Dewart's later poems; in it there is also an appreciation of Charles

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Sangster, the Canadian poet. The marked note of his character was intense earnestness. He was one of the most forcible of our Canadian poets. His ode on the passing of Tennyson was one of the most notable which that event called forth. The work by which he will be longest remembered is his contribution to Canadian poetical literature. The *Selections* and the *Songs of Life* contain many gems full of the poet's sympathy with nature and the kindlier feelings of humanity. We had marked several passages for the purpose of quoting, but must content ourselves with one or two.

"In thought there must be false and true—
There must be wrong and right in deed,
Yet truth should value what we do
As highly as a lifeless creed.
The thoughts despised, as new or strange,
May yet in regal triumph reign;
The form and garb of truth may change,
And yet the inner life remain."

—*A Plea for Liberty.*

"I awoke from the dreams of the night,
From restful and tranquil repose,
And looked, when the sunbeams lay bright,
To see what the morn might disclose.
My window looked out on the east,
And opened to welcome the sun
As he rose, from the darkness released,
All girded, his journey to run.

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I watched, as I lay,
The leaf-shadows play—
For the trees were marbled in green—
As they silently danced,
Curvetted and pranced,
On the curtain suspended between.

"Then I drew the broad curtain aside,
And looked out on the beautiful world;
The dewdrops were flashing, and wide
Were the banners of beauty unfurled.
The leaves that had silently flung
Their shadows to darken my room,
Each answered with musical tongue
To the zephyrs that played with its bloom;
And thus it may be
At life's ending with me,
When death rends the curtain away:
I may rise to behold
In beauty unrolled
The morn of a shadowless day."

—*Shadows on the Curtain.*

WILLIAM CANNIFF, M.D., Canadian author, and of U. E. Loyalist descent; born near Belleville, educated at the local schools and Victoria University. He studied medicine at Toronto and the University of New York; at the latter institution he graduated M.D. in 1854; was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and served during the closing conflicts of the Crimean War in the Army Medical Department. Thereafter he practised his profession

1830

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in Belleville for some years; served for a short time during the American Civil War, both in hospital and in the field with the army. Subsequently he removed to Toronto, where he held the position of Medical Health Officer; was connected for a number of years with the Medical Faculty of Victoria University. He has been very active in connection with many medical societies, contributing valuable papers on various professional subjects.

In 1872, Dr. Canniff published a *History of the Province of Ontario (Upper Canada), Containing a Sketch of Franco-Canadian History; Settlement of the Country by U. E. Loyalists; Trials in the War of 1812, Including Biographies of Prominent First Settlers, etc.* Toronto.

His History contains a great mass of valuable material—reliable and accurate, we doubt not—collected at the expense of great labor, ready to the hand of the historian who is waited for to write with deftness and literary skill the thrilling story of the strenuous life of the early settlers in British North America. A full index would be a great addition to the value of the work.

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN HUNTER-DUVAR, poet. Of Scoto-English birth and education, he spent the greater part of his life in Canada, giving much attention to

1830-1899

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military affairs in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He was Government Inspector of Fisheries in Prince Edward Island for several years. Author of *Enamorado,* a drama, 1878; *Roberval,* a drama, 1888; *The Emigration of the Fairies,* and *The Triumph of Constancy,* a romaunt. His work as a writer is well known in the Maritime Provinces.

"TWILIGHT SONG.

"The mountain peaks put on their hoods,
Good-night!
And the long shadows of the woods
Would fain the landscape cover quite;
The timid pigeons homeward fly,
Scared by whoop-owl's eerie cry,
Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop!
As like a fiend he flitteth by;
The ox to stall, the fowl to coop,
The old man to his nightcap warm,
Young men and maids to slumbers light,—
Sweet Mary, keep my soul from harm!
Good-night! Good-night!"

"BRAWN OF ENGLAND'S LAY.

"The villeins clustered round the bowl
At merrie Yule to make good cheer,
And drank with froth on beard and jowl:
'Was-hael to the Thane!
May never Briton taste our beer,
Nor Dane,'

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Till the red cock on the chimney crew;
And each man cried with a mighty yawn,
As the tapster one more flagon drew:
'To the Saxon land, Was-hael!
May we never want for mast-fed brawn,
Nor ale!'
The Thane took up the stirrup-cup
And blew off the reaming head,
And at one draft he swigged it up,
And smacked his lips and said:
'Was-hael to coulter and sword!
Was-hael to hearth and hall!
To Saxon land and Saxon lord
And thrall.'"

—*The Enamorado.*

The characteristic of his writing is romance tinged with mysticism.

1832-1879

Mrs. Rosanna Eleanor Mullins Leprohon was born, educated and died in the city of Montreal. When quite young she began writing for the public press. Her first book, *Ida Beresford*, was published in 1848, when she was only sixteen years old. She was for years an active and valued contributor to the *Literary Garland* and other periodicals. Four of Mrs. Leprohon's novels have been translated into French, including *Antoinette de Mirecourt,* her last published novel, and generally considered to be her finest. She has the distinction of making the English in Canada acquainted with the dis-

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CALIFORNIA

appointments and aspirations of the French-Canadians—our fellow-subjects—before and after the conquest of 1759. In her prose fiction she shows insight of the human heart, and finds in domestic life the subject of attractive tableaux full of delicacy and good taste. Her charm lies not in complications of intrigue or in problems hard to solve, but in a skilful working out of details, in sweetness of sentiment, in beauty of style, and in strict regard to the precepts of religion. The same may be said of her poetry, in which she has not won so high a place as in prose. Her poems were collected and published in one volume, under the care, if we are not mistaken, of Mr. John Reade, literary editor of the *Gazette,* Montreal. We give one stanza as a specimen of her qualities as a writer:

"The snowflakes were swiftly falling
Down on the landscape white,
When the violet eyes of my firstborn
Opened to the light,
And I thought as I pressed him to me
With loving rapture thrill,
He was pure and fair as the snowflakes
That lay on the landscape still.

—*Given and Taken.*

1833-1898

Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon, author, born in England, educated and married there; came to Canada in the year 1862, and very soon began writing for the

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press, both in prose and verse. In daily life Mrs. Curzon frequently heard the statement made among all classes of Canadians, "that Canada had no history." Curiosity led her to search as to the truth of this strange and belittling remark about the early inhabitants of the country, with the result that she found many incidents in the lives of the early pioneers worthy of admiration and record. The one which attracted her most was the brave and heroic act of Laura Secord, who, at the cost of much effort and imminent danger from man and wild animals, warned the small British detachment at Beaver Dam of its danger from a night attack, which had been determined upon by the enemy, then stationed at Fort George. The effect of her daring act was the safety of the British, and also the capture of the whole assailing force of the enemy. Mrs. Curzon was an outspoken advocate of what is popularly called woman's rights. The noble act of Mrs. Secord afforded her an opportunity to laud a deed deservedly worthy of lasting commemoration, and also to claim for woman her proper share in the records of the heroism of brave men.

Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812: A Drama, and Other Poems, by Sarah Anne Curzon. Toronto, 1887. The volume contains an interesting memoir of Mrs. Secord.

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We can afford space for only a few lines:

"*Mr. Secord*—Heaven speed thee, dear wife; I'll try to bear
The dreadful pangs of helplessness and dread
With calm demeanor, if a bursting heart.
"*Mrs. Secord*—Then will you taste a woman's common lot
In times of strait, while I essay man's role
Of fierce activity. We will compare
When I return. Now, fare thee well, my husband."

Some of the earlier pages are full of references true to kindly human nature and the tenderness of women.

1835

ISIDORE G. ASCHER, born in Glasgow, Scotland, came with the family to Montreal in 1843. There he was educated at the High School, and entered into business in his father's firm. Soon it appeared that business was not congenial to him, and he took up the study of law, graduating in due course B.C.L. (McGill). Meanwhile, contributions of his in verse appeared in the daily press and magazines, and yielding to the advice of his friends he collected and published them under the title of *Voices of the Hearth.* The volume was received with favor. Mr. Ascher is most happy in dealing with subjects relating to the home. We quote a few lines from the poem, "The Falling Snow":

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"Fall, like peace, O gossamer Snow!
While searching winds are roaming abroad;
Fall, in your wealth, on the world below,
Like a blessed balm from God!
Fall, like kisses, upon the earth,
That is cold and cheerless and full of woe,
And fill its heart with a sense of mirth,
Silent and loving Snow.
Fall, in your wonderful purity,
Fair as a bride's unsullied dress;
Fall from heaven's immensity
On our autumn dreariness."

Mr. Ascher has resided in England since 1864, and his later work shows more mature poetic power. We submit the following lines from "Sleep and Death":

"Then Sleep, enraptured at her marvellous worth,
Like one accused of kindness, who might drop
A lowly glance, unwilling to be praised,
In bright contentment gazed upon the earth,
Upon the happy dwellings wrapt in calm,
And gave her sister, Death, this utterance:
What song exultant can be praise to God
For choosing me to lavish good on men?
When Night, stamping her holiness on earth,
Flies at the tender touch of warbling Dawn,
Men clasp my memory and bless my name;
What truer recompense can angel know
Than homage of a prayer and grateful love?"

1835-1883

WILLIAM J. RATTRAY, B.A., born in London, England. The family came to Canada, 1848, and settled in Toronto. He was educated at the Toronto

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Grammar School and the University of Toronto, graduating, after a distinguished course at the University, with the Gold Medal in Mental Science. Mr. Rattray for many years before his death was connected with the Toronto press, and did most valuable work as a member of the staff of the *Mail,* now the *Mail and Empire.* During several years a series of articles, which appeared weekly, dealing with agnosticism in its various aspects and revealed religion, excited much attention, and were greatly admired by a large circle of readers. They presented the orthodox side of the question with much force and ability. At the time of his death, Mr. Rattray was engaged on *The Scot in British North America,* of which he saw three volumes through the press, a fourth being issued after his death. The publication gives evidence of the author's wide reading and scholarly attainments. His work is invariably marked by learning, thoughtfulness, and breadth of view, as well as by a fine command of vigorous and graceful language. Those who knew him regretted much the great loss that Canadian letters sustained by his early removal. A typical Scot he was in mind and body.

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1835-1885

CHARLES P. MULVANEY, M.A., M.D., was born in Ireland and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, from which he graduated with high honors in classics. About 1860, Mr. Mulvaney came to Canada, and joined the Queen's Own Rifles in 1866. Dr. Mulvaney was a graceful and polished writer, several of his books relating to Canada, among them, *Toronto, Past and Present,* 1884. In 1880, he and Dr. A. H. Chandler published a volume of *Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets* of considerable merit. His verse is of very unequal excellence, but some of the poems display an unusual degree of literary and poetic ability.

We quote from a poem, probably his last poetic effort, which appeared in the *Globe,* 25th May, 1885, on the departure of the Canadian force to restore order in the West:

"I saw the tear-drop rise
In sweetest, purest of blue eyes,
When, kneeling in the house of prayer,
She heard good words of comfort there.
I knew the angels heard her prayer
For one in the North-West away.
It was but noon of yesterday
He bade farewell, he marched away!
The rifle bright and bayonet seen
Above the Queen's Own garb of green.
With our five hundred's bold array
He marched for the North-West away.

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"As farther then, and farther still,
The dim march sounded down the hill,
As file on file, with steady pace,
Within the cars our boys took place,
As rose our farewell cheer to say,
'God bless you,' as they passed away."
—*Boys in the North-West Away.*

THE VERY REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D., author and educationist, born in Nova Scotia, Canada, received his preliminary education there and graduated with high honors, Glasgow University, Scotland. As minister he served his Church in Prince Edward Island and in his native province; was appointed Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, in 1877. When Sir Sandford Fleming, at the request of the promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, conducted the celebrated expedition across the continent from ocean to ocean in 1872, Mr. Grant accompanied him as secretary. The notes taken on this journey, hurriedly written under various and nearly always unfavorable conditions at the end of each day's march, were published in book form, 1873. This volume, which has passed through many editions, was received most favorably, and read with great enjoyment by both young and old. It showed clearly that Canada was a country of vast resources.

1835-1908

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The book revealed its author to Canada as he was never seen before. The work, though hastily done, showed his keenness of observation, his high power of descriptive writing, his possession of Celtic intensity and enthusiasm combined with breadth of view, energy and insight. *From Ocean to Ocean* was the author's introduction to the world of writers.

As above stated, he was appointed Principal of Queen's University in 1877. In the work of education Queen's is his monument.

We quote a paragraph, though he is not the author thereof, found at the end of his Biography, characteristic of Principal Grant:

"There is a higher aim in man than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and find instead blessedness. Love not pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradictions are solved; therein whoso works and walks it is well with him."

He edited, in 1882-4, *Picturesque Canada*, an illustrated work of much merit, published by Belden Bros. Besides the personal contributions, which were not small, he evidently took pains in order to have the work of the different writers harmonize.

"From the sea pastures and coal fields of Nova Scotia and the forests of New Brunswick, almost from the historic Louisburg, up the St. Lawrence to historic Quebec; through the great province of Ontario, and on lakes that are seas; by copper and silver mines so rich as to recall

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stories of the Arabian Nights, though only the rim of the land has been explored; on the chain of lakes where the Ojibway is at home in his canoe, to the plains where the Cree is equally at home on his horse; through the prairie province of Manitoba, and rolling meadows and park-like country, out of which a dozen Manitobas shall be carved in the next quarter of a century; along the banks of

'A full-fed river wending slow
By herds upon an endless plain,'

full fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and watering 'the great lone land'; over illimitable coal measures and deep woods; on to the mountains which open their gates, more widely than to our wealthier neighbours, to lead us to the Pacific; down deep gorges filled with mighty timber, beside rivers whose ancient deposits are gold beds, sands like those of Pactolus, and channels choked with fish; on to the many harbours of mainland and island, that look right across to the ancient Thule, 'with its rosy pearl and golden-roofed palaces,' and open their arms to welcome the swarming millions of Cathay; over all this we had travelled, and it was all our own.

'Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land.'

Thank God, we have a country. It is not our poverty of land or sea, of wood or mine, that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country does not depend on its natural resources. It depends on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence."—*Ocean to Ocean.*

1835-1900

THEODORE HARDING RAND, D.C.L., educationist, author, born in Nova Scotia, Canada, educated at Horton Academy and Acadia College (B.A.,

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1860). Thereafter he devoted himself wholly to teaching and the best interests of education, and organized the systems of Free Public Schools of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1885 he removed to Toronto to take part in the professorial work in Woodstock College and also in the future McMaster University. He was principal of the former institution and chancellor of the latter. He resigned, owing to ill health, the office of Chancellor of McMaster University in 1895, but assisted the professoriate by filling the chair of Education and English History until the time of his death. Author of *At Minas Basin, and Other Poems,* 1897 (second edition, enlarged, 1898); *Song Waves, and Other Poems,* 1900; editor of *Treasury of Canadian Verse,* with brief biographical notes, 1900. The last volume, to which Dr. Rand gave much time, appeared only a few weeks before his death.

His poetry is marked with thought and chaste diction. The *Treasury of Canadian Verse* shows rare literary taste and sound judgment, and furnishes its readers with a collection of what may be regarded as the best representative poems of our Canadian bards yet produced, with a valuable series of brief biographical notes.

The following sonnets indicate the spirit of his muse:

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"THE RAIN CLOUD.

"Swift changed to storm tones is the golden air,
And shut the heavens with the descending veil
Of cloud—here warm and brown, there cold and pale,
White-veined with sudden fire and red with glare.
Now falls the twisted rain, like unbound hair,
Dusking the wooded hills and mountain trail,
Now, marshalled by the trumpets of the gale,
Sweeps wide with level lances to their blare.

"O rain cloud, minister of cooling dew
To waiting harvests sheathed in mystery,
Bearer of blessed balms for fevered ills!
Thy rending veil breaks on the holiest blue,
All quick and palpitant as angels see,
And God's smile falls upon the breathing hills."

"JUNE.

"Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre
Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung
Far down the dells and cedarn vales among—
See, lowly plains, sky-touched, to heaven aspire!
Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,
The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,
And leafy trees, Æolian harps new-strung,
Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.

"My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,
And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain
Past meadows green to the great sea untold.
O month divine, all fresh with falling showers,
Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain.
Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old."

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"AN INLAND SPRUCE.

" Peasant of northern forests, humble tree,
Kirtled and frocked in all-year homespun green,
And lacking not among thy kind the mien
Of such as bear the white sails gallantly!
Magician thou! Thy full-breathed symphony
Of spacious dream dissolves the walls between
Me now and nature's organ-voicèd queen,
The multitudinous ongoing sea.

" The sheeny garb from thy tall shoulders hung,
Making thy spiry form like vase antique
For resinous balms of frankincense and myrrh,
And round the bearded skirts the drowsy purr
Of life, and murmurings of thy sea-harp strung,—
Touch thee to kinship fine with Celt and Greek."

1833-1880

JAMES DE MILLE, M.A., educationist, born in New Brunswick, and educated at Horton Academy and Brown (R. I.) University, M.A., 1854. For some years he was engaged in commercial life, both in the United States and Canada. In 1860 he was appointed to the teaching staff of Acadia College, his subject being classics. Subsequently he joined the professorial staff of Dalhousie College, Halifax, where he was engaged at the time of his death. He is the author of many works in prose, among them, *Helena's Household: A Tale of Rome in the First Century,* 1868, a well-written tale; *Young Dodge Club Series,* 1871, 1872, 1877;

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Elements of Rhetoric, 1879, a book that was well spoken of by those competent to judge of its merits.

JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., F.R.S.L. (G.B.), was born in Ireland, educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and came to Canada, 1856. He engaged in literary work in Montreal, becoming a contributor to the Montreal *Gazette,* a journal with which he has been ever since connected. Mr. Reade studied law and passed the usual examinations; taught, as principal, in the Lachute Academy; was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and discharged the duties of a pastor for a few years. About 1868, he returned to Montreal, and since 1870 has been literary and general assistant editor of the *Gazette.* In 1870, at Montreal, Mr. Reade published *The Prophecy of Merlin, and Other Poems.* The volume was received with much favor by the press of Great Britain, Canada and the United States of America.

1887

It is not often one meets more exquisitely conceived poems than some of those found in this volume of verse. Mr. Reade is one of the chief writers in Canadian literature; he cultivates clearness and a certain reserve, giving emphasis to his thoughts rather by a careful choice of words than by multiplying epithets.

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"There is a voice that never stirs the lips,—
Felt, but not heard; that vibrates through the soul,—
A solemn music; but no human speech
Can give that music to the ambient air.

"The noblest poem poet ever wrote;
The brightest picture artist ever drew;
The loftiest music lyrist ever sung;
The gentlest accents woman ever spoke,—
Are paraphrases of a *felt original*,
That lip, or pen, or pencil cannot show
Unto the seeing eye or listening ear.
The thoughts we *utter* are but half ourselves;
The poet knows this well.

"Thus, much of us must be concealed,—
Spite of the ambition to be born
Of what is noblest in us,—till His breath
Who woke the morning stars to sing their songs,
Awakes our souls to fuller utterance."

—*Unspoken Thoughts.*

We have space only for one stanza from "In My Heart," but we advise all lovers of true poetry to read the whole poem:

"In my heart are many chambers through which I wander free;
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night."

1837 AMOS HENRY CHANDLER, M.D., son of the late Governor Chandler of New Brunswick; born in New Brunswick, Canada; educated there and at Mount

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Allison University. He took his M.D. degree at the University of Pennsylvania. Joint author with the late Dr. C. P. Mulvaney of *Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets,* 1880.

His poems in this volume, together with his other productions, give him an honorable rank among the poetic writers of Canada.

"Lay me, lay me,
While the world is waking,
Down to dream on what has gone before;
Pray ye, pray ye,
Lest my heart be breaking,
God to bring her to my side once more.

"Wake me, wake me,
Out of this soul-gloom, when
The kind sun has dried all earth's tears sad;
Take me, take me,
To my darling's tomb, then
I, too, shall cease weeping—and be glad."

—*When Dora Died.*

SAMUEL JAMES WATSON, journalist, poet. Born in Ireland, and educated at the Belfast Academy, he came to Canada, 1857, and took up the work of reporting and writing for Montreal newspapers, and afterwards for the *Globe,* Toronto. He reported much in connection with the discussions and debates which took place while the confederation of the British-American provinces was the theme absorbing the attention of British subjects everywhere, especially in Canada.

1837-1881

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In 1871, Mr. Watson was appointed librarian of the Ontario Legislature, an office he held till his death in 1881. He had to make a new collection of books for the Ontario Legislative Library, all the old library of the United Provinces being taken to Ottawa. He also wrote a very well arranged catalogue.

He published his first volume (the second one did not appear) of his *Constitutional History of Canada,* 1874, which brings the narrative down to the union of the provinces in 1841, and was long the only comprehensive study of the subject. *The Powers of Canadian Parliaments*—a plea for local as against federal authority—appeared in 1880. *The Peace-Killer, or Massacre of Lachine,* was issued in 1870; *The Legend of the Roses: A Poem,* and *Ravlan: A Drama,* 1876. Many good passages and fine verses can be culled by the thoughtful reader from these works by our much respected and beloved friend, such as:

> "For from the pure in soul there goes
> An influence without restraint;
> As issues perfume from the rose,
> As shines the halo round a saint."

1837-1902

SIR J. G. BOURINOT, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada, etc., born in Nova Scotia, Canada, and there received his preliminary training (private tuition) for college, and finished a

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distinguished course at Trinity University, Toronto, taking high honors in several departments. For some years after graduation he applied himself to journalism, reporting and writing for various newspapers and magazines. In 1868 he was appointed shorthand writer to the Senate of the Dominion of Canada. Subsequently, after various promotions, he was, in 1880, appointed Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa, which position he held till the time of his death.

Sir John G. Bourinot's most important contribution to literature are his manuals on Constitutional History and Parliamentary Procedure and Practice in Canada. On such subjects he is an acknowledged authority and invariably expresses his meaning in lucid terms.

The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People, 1881, and *Canada's Strength and Weakness* are evidences of his interesting research in the subject of general literature, and readers seeking information about the state of education in the early days of Canada will be rewarded by perusing the pages of Dr. Bourinot.

JOHN LESPERANCE, born in St. Louis, U.S.A., and worked for many years on the press in Montreal, contributing poems and criticisms to Canadian

1888

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magazines. He wrote a review of Canadian poetry which appeared in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada, 1884. Author of *The Bastonnais: A Tale of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-6. The Bastonnais,* though considerably below the level of Mr. William Kirby's *Le Chien d'Or,* conveys a not inept idea of the times whereof it treats, and will well repay perusal.

CARROLL RYAN, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at St. Michael's College, Toronto; served as a volunteer in the British German Legion and Turkish Contingent during the Crimean War, and likewise in H.M. 100th Royal Canadian Regiment, 1859-67. After his return to Canada, Mr. Ryan entered actively into journalism, as contributor and editor, his writings appearing in the most influential papers of the Dominion.

1889

In 1857 he published *Oscar, and Other Poems,* of which the author wrote later in life, "that it contained nearly all the errors incident to such productions of youth and inexperience." Thus "Oscar" writes of his native Canada:

"I go from thee—but words can ne'er express;
I could not love thee more, nor would I less.
My greatest sin was loving thee too well;
I love thee still—though parted—fare thee well."

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"Oscar" describes his journey to the Crimea, which gives him the opportunity of introducing many references to Canadian scenery.

Among Mr. Ryan's other literary work are: *The Songs of a Wanderer,* 1867, Ottawa, and *Poems, Songs, Ballads,* illustrations and portrait, 1903.

1839 REV. WILLIAM HENRY WITHROW, M.A., D.D., author and journalist, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at Victoria and Toronto University (B.A., 1863). He was in the active ministerial service of the Methodist Church for some years, until he was appointed editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine and Review,* 1874. The success of the *Magazine* has been attributed to his ability and good judgment. Author of several volumes, sundry of which are about Canadian life; but he is best known by his *Popular History of Canada,* which has been reissued at various times, and the *Catacombs of Rome and Their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity.* The History is written in a judicious spirit and is generally accurate; the volume on the Catacombs is regarded as about the best in English on the subject.

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LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON, public service, Ontario; the descendant of a family which has won an honorable place in the historical records of Canada, especially for its military achievements. There is, perhaps, in Ontario no clearer instance of the law of heredity than the continuance of the military spirit for generations in the Denison family. The subject of this notice is a native of Toronto, Ontario, Canada; educated at Upper Canada College and graduated LL.B., University of Toronto, 1861; he was appointed police magistrate of the city of Toronto, 1877, a position which he still holds. Col. Denison has served his country with distinction in the field on several occasions, and also in Britain and elsewhere, as an able exponent of Imperial Union of all the British possessions.

1839

His chief literary works are *Modern Cavalry,* 1868, and *History of Cavalry,* 1877. These books have been translated into many of the languages of Europe, and one into that of Japan. In 1877 Lieut.-Col. Denison, with the *History of Cavalry,* won, against all competitors, the first prize of 5,000 roubles, which had been offered in 1874 by the Emperor of Russia.

In 1900 he issued *Soldiering in Canada: Recollections and Experiences,* an informing

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and interesting volume, written in his usual lucid, vigorous English. There is no mistaking the position of the author on Imperial policy; it is strong, loyal "hands all round."

REV. ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE, journalist, was born in Demerara, British Guiana, of Scotch parentage. As a minister he labored almost wholly in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. The author of *Thistledown,* published after his death, with an introduction by George Stewart, jun., in 1875, a volume of poems and essays.

1839-1875

"PHANTASY.

"'Tis a bat at twilight still,
Flitting round a lonesome mill;
'Tis a falcon fleet that flies
Into depths of opal skies;
Oft it is a sullen owl,
Pallas learnèd, pensive fowl,
Hooting hoarsely 'mong the trees;
And again, o'er troubled seas,
As a petrel bold it wings
Tirelessly. Sometimes it sings,
Lark-like, in the heavens' scope,
When dew gleams on grassy slope."

—*Thistledown.*

CHARLES MAIR, F.R.S.C., poet, born in Ontario, Canada. Educated at the Grammar School and Queen's University, Kingston, he studied medicine for

1840

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a short time, but was withdrawn therefrom by the Hon. Wm. Macdougall, 1868, to make researches connected with entering Red River Settlement, a question which then troubled the public. This same year he published his first book of poems, *Dreamland, and Other Poems.* The volume was well received by the press. The larger part of the edition was burnt at the binder's by a disastrous fire.

Prior to the first Louis Riel Rebellion, he acted at Fort Garry as the correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette,* in which appeared a series of brilliant letters from his pen describing the Canadian West. During the Louis Riel Rebellion he suffered severe privations by imprisonment and otherwise; but what he felt most was the total loss of the manuscripts of several poems which he had prepared for early publication. Disheartened by this loss, he gave up literary work and went into the fur trade at Portage la Prairie and Prince Albert till 1883, when he returned to Windsor, Ont. Thus it happened that while in Windsor Mr. Mair had the leisure to write his chief work, *Tecumseh: A Drama* (with notes), an important addition to Canadian letters. *Tecumseh* was first published in 1886, and was cordially received by both the press and the public. In 1901, a collection of all his poems (revised) was published by William Briggs,

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Toronto—a handsome volume, containing portraits of the noble Indian chief, Tecumseh, and of the author, as well as notes. He served with the Canadian force throughout the second Riel trouble in the West, and now resides at Lethbridge, Alberta.

Mr. Mair, already favorably known to Canadians by his *Dreamland, and Other Poems,* in *Tecumseh* enters the lists as a native dramatic poet. In reading the poem one instinctively recalls Heavysege's "Saul." In a distinct and very special sense, Mr. Mair must be recognized and welcomed as a native dramatic poet, and on this account his poem is an important addition to Canadian literature. *Tecumseh* will take a foremost and enduring place in Canadian letters. It appeals to the people of Canada by its lofty spirit of patriotism, its nobleness of sentiment, and by its sympathetic insight.

Here is a characteristic passage selected from a long address by Tecumseh to General Harrison:

"Once all this mighty continent was ours,
And the Great Spirit made it for our use.
He knew no boundaries, so we had peace
In the vast shelter of His handiwork.
And, happy here, we cared not whence we came.
We brought no evils thence—no treasured hate,
No greed of gold, no quarrels over God;
And so our broils, to narrow issues joined,

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Were soon composed, and touched the ground of peace.
Our very ailments, rising from the earth,
And not from any foul abuse in us,
Drew back, and let age ripen to death's hand.
Thus flowed our lives until your people came,
Till from the East our matchless misery came!
Since then our tale is crowded with your crimes,
With broken faith, with plunder of reserves—
The sacred remnants of our wide domain—
With tamp'rings, and delirious feasts of fire,
The fruit of your thrice-cursèd stills of death,
Which make our good men bad, our bad men worse,
Aye, blind them till they grope in open day,
And stumble into miserable graves."

—*Tecumseh, Act II., Scene IV.*

Beautiful gems of poetic thought can, by the appreciative reader, be gleaned on many a page, such as, when Lefroy exclaims on hearing the voice of his long-absent betrothed, who had been wandering in the pathless wilds of the forest:

"I could pick that voice
From out a choir of angels! Iena."

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, scholar, educationist, born in Scotland; educated in London, England, and on the Continent; in early youth was in business in New York and Toronto. He entered the University of Toronto, 1861, and finished a distinguished course, 1865; during the same time he pursued

1840-1904

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theology at Knox College, and completed his course in that department in Edinburgh, 1868. He returned to Toronto and took up the active duties of the ministry until he was appointed to the chair of Church History and Apologetics in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, 1873. He was an indefatigable student; wrote many papers for various societies and the press. His principal work is thought to be *The Hittites, Their Inscriptions and Their History,* 1890.

He published, in 1892, *Two Knapsacks,* a novel of Canadian summer life. The journey into the district northward of Toronto, about Barrie, Collingwood, etc., and which forms the basis of the volume, was made, we think, in the years between 1860 and 1870. The two friends went on a summer holiday into the "Newlands," to find specimens of plants, flowers, etc., and besides seeing and enjoying the beauties of wild nature, they also met men and women of various sorts and conditions. Here the reader will find clever dialect work, chats on theology, pastoral work, botany, fishing, and fighting with desperate men. The author shows a remarkable acquaintance with English literature, more particularly with the writings of William Wordsworth. We quote a few lines.

The speakers are a Presbyterian minister

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and a clergyman of the Church of England. The clergyman says:

"As a mission agency my club has not succeeded yet, but every time I make a cricketer I make a Churchman."

"I have known some very good cricketers who were not Anglicans," said the minister.

"Now, you haven't, my dear sir. You think you have, but you haven't; that's the trouble with those who reject Church authority. The Methodist plays rounder, what you call baseball; the Independents and Baptists play croquet and lawn tennis after other people stopped playing them; the Presbyterian plays golf; and the Churchman plays cricket."

ALEXANDER BEGG, author, born in Quebec, Canada; educated in Scotland and Province of Quebec. He entered in early years into trade, going into Manitoba and Western Canada, 1867, as a pioneer of Canadian trade and manufacture. He also became an active fur-trader. In 1878 he was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms to the Legislature of Manitoba and Deputy-Treasurer, which positions he resigned in 1884. He was employed by the Provincial Government for some time to make known to the world the abundant riches of the Province and the newly-discovered "Great West" of the Dominion; he was thereafter sent to England by the Canadian Pacific Railway as their general emigration agent.

1840-1898

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He is author of *Dot-it-Down, a Story of Life in the North-West,* 1871; *Ten Years in Winnipeg,* 1879; *Great Canadian North-West,* 1881. In his first volume there is a considerable element of fiction, the second is a genial tale of the rapid growth of Winnipeg, and the third a very entertaining descriptive narrative of the magnificent West of the Canadian Dominion. In 1894, Mr. Begg published a *History of the North-West* in three handsome volumes, including the history of Manitoba. The History is valuable, though not owing much to its literary style. The author had personal knowledge of the country he described, and gave much study to its past. Valuable documents are included at the end of each volume.

JOHN CHARLES DENT, born in England; came to Canada at an early age with his parents, studied law, was called to the Ontario Bar and practised his profession for a while in that Province. Forsaking law he went to London and entered into journalism, where he did good work on the daily press. He returned to America in 1867, and gave three years to journalistic work in Boston before he came to Toronto, when he took an editorial position on the Toronto *Globe.* The last years of his life

1841-1888

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were occupied in writing short stories, *The Last Forty Years, 1841-1881;* and *The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion,* two volumes, 1881, 1885.

In *The Last Forty Years* we have a narrative chiefly of political events, which, though important, are not the whole life-history of a people. The second volume contains a concluding chapter on journalism and literature and an index. A feature of the work is the many character-sketches to be found in it. The illustrations in the book are not well executed.

The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion is written in vigorous English and attractive style. Beauties of prose and poetic quotations are freely scattered throughout the work, but it lacks the tone and temper which should always guide the historic pen.

The attempt to rob Mr. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie of the credit or discredit of being the active agent in bringing to a focus the various factors which had been in existence, in more or less strength, for many years prior to 1837-8, is very apparent. And equally plain it is that he did his utmost to give the credit thereof to Dr. John Rolph. Why the author should be so biased against the one and so much in favor of the other, in the absence of evidence, it is idle to suggest.

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Though Mr. Dent has made a few slight corrections in Mr. Lindsey's narrative, it is still regarded as trustworthy. It is to be hoped that writers dealing with this period will hereafter abandon the senseless nickname, "Family Compact," and adopt the name by which they themselves wished to be known, viz., "The Tory Party."

1841-1899

SIR JAMES D. EDGAR, statesman, born in Lower Canada, his parents having removed, in the first year of their wedlock, from Scotland to this country; thus their eldest and only son was Canadian-born, though by descent a Scotchman. Our subject was educated at Lennoxville Grammar School and at private schools in the city of Quebec and in Ontario; studied law in Toronto, and began the practice of his profession with some of the best law firms in that city. He entered actively into politics on the Reform side, and on the platform and in the House of Commons won the respect not only of his associates, but of those from whom he differed. He was elected unanimously Speaker of the House of Commons, 1896. He was a frequent and welcome contributor to our magazines, and at Montreal, in 1874, he took the prize for Canadian national songs, his prize poem being, "This Canada of Ours." He published *This Canada*



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of Ours, and Other Poems, 1893, and in 1898, ***Canada and Its Capital.***

"CANADIAN SONG SPARROW.

"From the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the river,
From the bending willow branches,
From the hollows and the hillsides,
Through the lone Canadian forest,
Comes the melancholy music,
Oft repeated, never changing,—
'All—is—vanity—vanity—vanity.'

"Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
Sowing seed with hopes of harvest,
In the orchards, white with blossoms,
In the early fields of clover,
Comes the little brown-clad singer,
Flitting in and out of bushes,
Hiding well behind the fences,
Piping out his song of sadness,
'Poor—hu—manity—manity—manity.'"

—*This Canada of Ours, and Other Poems.*

JAMES HANNAY, D.C.L., historian and journalist, born in New Brunswick, Canada, and educated at the parish school, Scotland, and the Grammar School, St. John, N.B. Studied law and began work for the press at an early age. He was official reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick for several years, a position

1842

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he retired from in 1873. Mr. Hannay has to his credit literary work of note, both as a writer on the public press and as an historian. In 1879 his *History of Acadia* was published. In the preface the author says: "My aim has been to trace every statement to its original source, and to accept no fact from a printed book at second-hand, where it was possible to avoid doing so." The history is a useful narrative of events from the time of John Cabot until 1763, when the provinces were finally surrendered by France. It indicates care and research. The reader therein will find the reasons for the statement: "The Acadians will neither leave the country nor take the oath."

"Yet through all these evil years a new Acadia was growing up, which, now in its vigorous youth, gives promise of greater things in the future than ever entered into the dreams of the pioneer settlers of this land. Here the descendants of the two great races who fought so long for empire in America toil amicably side by side for the advancement of their common country. Here new hopes and aspirations have supplanted the dreams of conquest, and the triumphs of peace are counted of more value than the trophies of war. Yet, while we rejoice in the present, we cannot afford to disregard the past, nor should we omit to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of those who have 'borne the burthen and heat of the day,' and braved the savage forces of nature long centuries ago."—*History of Acadia.*

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1842 ROBERT SELLAR, journalist and author, born in Scotland, came to Canada many years ago. He is the editor and proprietor of the well-known public journal, the *Canadian Gleaner,* Huntingdon, P.Q., which is regarded as the mouthpiece of the Protestant minority in Quebec. The author of *Gleaner Tales,* 1886 (second edition, 1895), in which he narrates in choice language and felicitous style many incidents in the life of the early settlers in the Eastern Townships of Quebec.

1842 BERNARD MCEVOY, journalist, born in England and educated there; came to Canada in 1888, and was engaged for ten years on the staff of the *Mail and Empire.* More recently he has been on the newspaper press in British Columbia, and returned to England (1905), where he is at present busy writing for journals on both sides of the Atlantic. Author of *Away from Newspaperdom, and Other Poems,* 1897. We quote a few lines from "The Village Street":

"But evening was the time to see the street
In all its glory. Oil lamps here and there
Dotted the darkness. The farmers' work
Being over for the day, they stood in groups—
Slow talking; sometimes silent. Curling smoke

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Rose from their pipes. The touch of quiet night
Seemed sweet to them after the glare of sun
Patiently borne throughout the live-long day.
And now and then a dainty flitting form—
Some Canadian beauty—passed along
With bird-like step and such a pair of eyes
As well might set a rustic's heart on fire;
(For everywhere is told the tale of love);
And maidens fair as the Dominion knows
Uphold our standard of fair womanhood."

"REVISED PROOFS.

"He takes his proof-sheets with a sigh,
Deleting here, and adding there,
Till not the keenest reader's eye
But must confess the whole is fair.

"And shall the pages of our lives—
Letter by letter daily set—
Be subject, when the end arrives,
To no revising process yet?

"Sometimes our eyes are blurred with tears,
Sometimes our hands with passion shake,
Sometimes a tempting Devil leers
At all the errors that we make.

"Forbid, O God! that work so vain
Shall stand in an eternal scroll —
With faults of sin, and joy, and pain—
As long as future ages roll."

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NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Q.C., journalist and writer, born in Ireland, educated there, finishing his college course at Queen's College, Cork. He studied law in London, being called to the bar, 1868; meanwhile he had written much for the press, making a place for himself in journalism. He served during the Franco-German War as war correspondent to the London *Standard,* and came to Canada in 1872, when he was immediately appointed as leader writer on the *Globe* staff. After three years he became a member of the staff of the *Mail,* Toronto; went to the Canadian West, 1882. In 1883 established the Regina *Leader,* the first newspaper in that region, and in 1887 was elected to the House of Commons, where he played a conspicuous part as a forceful and finished speaker. Mr. Davin published, 1877, *The Irishman in Canada.* "The work received praise and deserved praise." *Eos: An Epic of the Dawn, and Other Poems,* 1889, Regina, N.W.T. These poems reveal the man, scholarly, witty, with fine touches, yet, at times, sacrificing nature, or true art, to the requirements of classical rules. Mr. Davin was too successful in other fields of literary effort to be wholly successful as a poet. The Muse of poetry bestows her rare honors only upon the ardent and life-long devotee.

1843-1901

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An Indian speaks:

"From the doom of the hunter
There is no reprieve;
And for me 'mid strange customs
'Tis bitter to live.
Our part has been played,
Let the white man play his,
Then he, too, disappears,
And goes down the abyss.
Yes, Time's eagle will prey
On the Pale Face at last,
And his doom, like our own,
Is to pass and be past."

—*An Epic of the Dawn.*

1843-1906

His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, Cornelius O'Brien, born in Prince Edward Island, Canada; educated by private tuition at St. Dunstan's College, and at the College of the Propaganda at Rome, and graduated there, doctor of divinity and philosophy. In 1871 he was ordained to the priesthood and returned to Prince Edward Island. Prior to his consecration to the Archbishopric of Halifax, which took place in Halifax, 1883, he held with acceptance various offices in the service of his Church. An ecclesiastic most highly esteemed for his learning and valuable public services. Author of *After Weary Years,* 1885 (we could not find a copy of this book); *Aminta, a Modern Life Drama,* 1890. As a specimen

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of the reverend gentleman's poetic efforts we quote a beautiful sonnet from the latter:

"ST. CECILIA.

"A shell lies silent on a lonely shore,
High rocks and barren stand with frowning brow;
Hither no freighted ships e'er turn their prow
Their treasures on the fated sand to pour.
Afar the white-robed sea-gull loves to soar;
But, pure as victim for a nation's vow,
A lovely maiden strikes the shell, and now
Its music charms, and sadness reigns no more.

"Thus, Christian poesy, thus on pagan coasts
For ages mute had lain thy sacred lyre,
Untouched since from the prophet's hand it fell,
Till fair Cecilia, taught by angel hosts,
Attuned its music to the heavenly choir,
And gave a Christian voice to Clio's shell."

1844 REV. GEORGE BRYCE, M.A., LL.D., educationist and writer, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at Collegiate Institute, Brantford, and University of Toronto, B.A., with honors, 1867; was with the University Rifles, Q.O.R., at Ridgeway, 1866. Mr. Bryce studied theology at Knox College, and in 1871 was sent to Winnipeg to organize educational interests there, chiefly in connection with the Presbyterian Church. He contributed in no small degree to the founding of Manitoba College, the Uni-

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versity of Manitoba, and the Public School system of that province. Dr. Bryce is a ready writer. His theme is generally some subject connected with Manitoba or the wide domain of Western Canada. The great Canadian West owes much to the fertile pen of the Rev. Dr. Bryce. The reader and student will be well repaid by a careful reading of his published works. He has succeeded in removing the unfavorable impression which had existed for years regarding the Earl of Selkirk, the founder of the Red River Settlement. Dr. Bryce published *A Short History of the Canadian People* (1887, London), a comprehensive and well-proportioned outline, which might truly be styled, "A Short History of the English and French in America." Each chapter has a brief table of references that will prove of value to the earnest student of history. Appendices and a table of dates are given at the end of the volume, and are interesting and useful. *Manitoba: Its Infancy, Growth and Present Condition,* 1882, London; *The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company,* 1900, London and Toronto. These two volumes give the best history of the H. B. C. extant. Some errors, which unavoidably crept into the first edition, are corrected in the second, and those that still remain can easily be removed in sub-

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sequent editions. The author is richly equipped, by scholarship and residence in Winnipeg, for producing a standard work on the policy and achievements of the great company, and also for writing the fascinating story of the West and North of Canada.

OLIVER AIKEN HOWLAND, barrister and legislator, born in Ontario, Canada, and educated at Upper Canada College, the Toronto Model Grammar School and at Toronto University; called to the bar, 1875. Besides taking much interest in literary and scientific inquiry and historic research, contributing many articles to the leading magazines and journals of the day, he published in 1887 *The Irish Problem as Viewed by a Citizen of the Empire,* and in 1891 *The New Empire: Reflections upon Its Origin, Constitution and Its Relation to the Great Republic.* At the provincial election, 1894, he was returned to the Legislature (Ontario) for South Toronto. Mr. Howland, in *The New Empire,* affords a most interesting review of the growth of the existing Imperial conditions. It is a book with which Canadians ought to be most familiar.

1847-1905

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JOHN WATSON, LL.D., educationist, born in Scotland; graduated M.A. with many honors, Glasgow University, 1872, and was appointed the same year to the chair of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. For some years past Professor Watson has held the chair of Moral Philosophy in the same University. Professor Watson published, 1881, *Kant and His English Critics,* which secured him high praise as a philosophic writer; then, *Philosophy of Kant,* 1888. Several other volumes followed in close succession, all adding to his reputation as a thinker and writer. The last volume from his pen is *Christianity and Idealism;* the sub-title gives a better idea of the scope of the volume: The Christian Ideal of Life in Its Relations to the Greek and Jewish Ideals and to Modern Philosophy. Professor Watson is a clear thinker, and there is ever a close correspondence between clear thinking and lucid writing.

1847

MARY JEMIMA MACCOLL, poet and teacher, daughter of the well-known Scottish bard, Evan MacColl, born in England and came to Canada when a child of eleven years; was educated in Kingston, Ontario, where she taught school for several years. In 1882 Miss MacColl published a small volume of verses; simple and sweet they are. Several

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editions have been issued. We quote from the poem which gives the title to the book:

"'Bide a wee and dinna weary,'
Patience quaintly was defined
By a little Scottish maiden,
And the sweet words in my mind
Ever linger, like the memory
Of a beautiful refrain,
Making hours of gloom less dreary
When I breathe them o'er again."

CHARLES EDWIN JAKEWAY, M.D., born in Ontario, Canada; graduated M.D., Toronto, 1871. Dr. Jakeway made a collection of his poems, chiefly patriotic, which had been appearing in the public press for some time, under the title *The Lion and the Lilies: A Tale of the Conquest, and Other Poems,* 1897.

1847-1906

An Indian maid goes to her mother and says:

"'The Eagle Eye a lover meet
Would be'—'Hist, child, footsteps approach!
Hide till we see who doth encroach
Within the bounds of my domain!
To yonder bush, and there remain
Until I call you forth again!"

An Indian comes and finishes a long story by saying to the same mother-squaw:

"'I've run death's gauntlet day by day,
Where hungry wildcats screech for prey,

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But everywhere the haunting face
Of Budding Rose, in matchless grace,
Swims 'fore my eyes. Pray, mother, tell,
Will she return my love? Dispel
My doubts at once and seal my fate!'

"'Sit down behind that bush and wait,'
The dame replied, 'until I call
The wood-sprites up within my thrall.'

"She lit a smoking pine-knot red,
And swayed it thrice around her head,
Then hurled it hissing in the marsh,
The while her voice on air-wings harsh
Passed through the thronging shadows dense
Unto love's hearing strained and tense:
'I hear the voices of the trees
In answer to the asking breeze,
And this is what the voices say:
"True love will always have its way!
Come forth, my children, to the light;"
The answer to the breeze is right.'

"The maiden came with drooping head,
The brave with grave and measured tread,
And joined their hands above the blaze.
'For you, fond lover, length of days
I prophesy, and happy times.
Your lives shall run like merry rhymes
Through many years of full content.
And when at last your course is spent,
Your children shall revere your name;
Your children's children—' Flashed a flame
A lightning blast, athwart their eyes,
And death assailed them in the guise
Of Iroquois, the Huron's dread—
And seeress, lovers, all were dead."

--An Unfinished Prophecy.

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GRANT ALLEN, writer, naturalist, born in Ontario, Canada, and educated by his father (clergyman of the Church of England), King William Grammar School, Birmingham, and Merton College, Oxford, from which he graduated with high honors, 1871. Taught for a few years in a college in Spanish Town, Jamaica; returned to England, 1876, and made an attempt to study and write on scientific subjects, but found the financial return inadequate for a bare living. He was induced by his friends to adopt the writing of stories, and thus he found how to please the multitude and make thereby a fair livelihood. In this manner he discovered "that he was an artist in an art which he did not love." He called himself "an organizing student," but Mr. Allen was more than that, for he did good original work in botany. His output in fiction numbers forty-two volumes at least; his best work, many think, is to be found in what are called "guide-books." Mr. Grant Allen's guide-books are totally different from the books which are known to the travelling public now by that name.

1848-1899

GEORGE MURRAY, B.A., F.R.S.C., educationist and author, born in London, England; educated at King's College, London, and at University of Ox-

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ford. Before taking his degree in 1860, he published *The Oxford Ars Poetica; or, How to Write a Newdigate.* Came to Canada, 1860, and was connected with the Montreal High School as senior Classical Master until his retirement on a pension in 1892. He was one of the editors of the literary remains of Hon. D'Arcy McGee. Author of *Verses and Versions,* 1891.

Mr. Murray is most widely known by his poem, "How Canada was Saved," commemorating the valor of a band of French-Canadians who, in May, 1660, inflicted, at the sacrifice of their lives, exemplary punishment upon the Iroquois:

"HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.

"Beside the dark Utawa's stream two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought which all the world should know;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past;
It stirs the blood and fires the soul as with a clarion's blast.
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song in death triumphant fell;
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die."

—*Verses and Versions.*

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The above poem was awarded the prize of $50 offered by the Montreal *Witness* in 1874 for the best ballad on any subject in Canadian history. There were two hundred and ninety-one competitors.

Mr. Murray, in 1869, obtained the gold medal offered by the St. Andrew's Society of the city of Ottawa for the best poem on *The Thistle,* the national emblem of Scotland. His translations from French writers are highly esteemed for their beauty and accuracy.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, author, biologist, born in Ontario, Canada, and educated by private tuition (his father, Rev. George Romanes, D.D., was professor of Greek, Queen's University, Kingston), and at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He read mathematics at the beginning, but graduated with distinction in science, 1873. The private means in the possession of the Romanes family enabled George John to devote his time and strength to the study of science without any anxiety as to the proper maintenance of the family. He had the advantage of the acquaintance and friendship of Charles Darwin and other eminent men of science, who were, during his lifetime, living in Great Britain. Mr. Romanes is the author of several books on science, mostly on biology, in which subject he did

1848-1894

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notable work. He is a most interesting character. His early intention was to enter the Church, for which he made some preparation. His scientific reading and studying led him to abandon the "faith." But a long and earnest conflict followed, the result of which was that he at last regained a firm hold of the Unseen, and sometime before his death he re-entered the communion of the Church of England. He printed poems for private distribution on various subjects, chiefly philosophic and emotional, and often of great beauty. He was a rare combination, in whose mind a deep religious sentiment with poetical genius is combined with a powerful scientific insight. Bearing on the subject which perplexed him so long, and written, we think, in 1890, we quote the following sonnet:

"I ask not for Thy love, O Lord: the days
Can never come when anguish shall atone;
Enough for me were but Thy pity shown
To me as to the stricken sheep that strays
With ceaseless cry for unforgotten ways—
O lead me back to pastures I have known,
Or find me in the wilderness alone,
And slay me, as the hand of mercy slays.

"I ask not for Thy love: nor e'en so much
As for a hope upon Thy breast to lie;
But be Thou still my shepherd—still with such
Compassion as may melt to such a cry;
That I may hear Thy feet and feel Thy touch,
And dimly see Thy face ere yet I die."

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A few lines from his last poem, 1894, must suffice:

"AMEN, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT, LORD.

" As Thou hast found me ready to Thy call,
Which stationed me to watch the outer wall,
And, quitting joys and hopes which once were mine,
To pace with patient steps the narrow line,
Oh! may it be that, coming soon or late,
Thou still shalt find Thy soldier at the gate,
Who then may follow Thee till sight needs not to prove
And faith will be dissolved in knowledge of Thy love."

For the encouragement of thoughtful bewildered men, he has left these, his final words:

"I have now come to see that faith is intellectually justifiable. It is Christianity or nothing."

AGNES MAULE MACHAR, poet and novelist, born in Ontario, Canada, daughter of the Rev. John Machar, D.D., second Principal of Queen's University, Kingston. Miss Machar is a prolific and versatile writer.

For King and Country (published in 1874, Toronto), one of her first stories, and regarded as one of her best, exhibits Miss Machar's qualities pretty fully as an author. She always writes with a moral purpose in view, and makes use of the many incidents in Canadian pioneer life to rouse enthusiasm and deep feeling of patriotism in Canadian youth for their country.

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The last of the several volumes which she has published is *The Lays of the True North, and Other Canadian Poems,* 1899. London and Toronto. A collection of her poems which had appeared in periodicals and anthologies, with the additions of others hitherto unpublished. Though sweet lines can easily be found in her *Lays,* and strong appeals urging to right doing, still the author, we think, will live more influentially in Canadian life as a novelist than as a poet.

"Fair heritage and fruitful soil,
This land, our own, we fondly cherish,
Won for us by the blood and toil
Of those whose memory ne'er should perish;
A land where nature's forces teach
A lesson stern of bravely bearing
Whate'er betide, and youth can reach
A prime of high and noble daring."
—*Lays of the True North.*

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON, author, journalist, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at Trinity College School. In 1865 he enlisted in the American army and served on the Potomac during the closing days of the fierce conflict; he was a member of the Q.O.R. at Ridgeway in 1866. Subsequently Mr. Thomson engaged in engineering, and was on the Carillon Canal during a year or two; thereafter he devoted himself to writing,

1849

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mostly political journalism, and during the years 1889-90 was chief editorial writer on the *Globe* newspaper, Toronto. In 1885 he gained the first prize in a competition offered by the *Youth's Companion,* Boston; in 1890 he resigned his position on the *Globe* to become associate editor of the *Youth's Companion.* Author of *Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories,* 1895; *Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss, and Other Stories,* 1896; *Between Earth and Sky,* 1897; *Smoky Days,* 1901. These books are chiefly collections of stories written for magazines in the United States, mostly for the *Youth's Companion.* The volumes are almost exclusively designed for boys, Canada, in most cases, being the scene of the adventures, etc. Mr. Thomson has made for himself in this class of work a marked record.

ANDREW JOHN RAMSAY, poet, a native of Ontario, Canada; educated at the public school. He was a house decorator, and won distinction in landscape work.

1849-1901

Author of *The Canadian Lyre,* 1859; *Winon-ah; or, The Forest Light, and Other Poems,* 1869; *One Quiet Day,* 1873; *I Shall Not Tell; Muriel, the Foundling, and Other Original Poems,* 1886. In most of these books the title-page bears the name of J. R. Ramsay—in one the name Andrew Ramsay—giving

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the impression that they are by different authors. Many fine passages can be found in Mr. Ramsay's work. "The Old Pine Canoe," addressed to his brother, is a beautiful poem, reminiscent; and "The Haunted House," from which we quote two stanzas, is good in parts, but marred by redundant verses:

"There is a rapture in tempestuous weather,
A sympathy with suffering, which thrills
When midnight mists around the mountains gather,
And hoarse winds howl among the moaning hills.

"And the strong pines into the storm extending,
Bow down as with an offering to the dead,
A tribute to the tempest, softly sending
Snow-plumes unto the summer's funeral bed."

—*Win-on-ah; or, The Forest Light, and Other Poems.*

LADY EDGAR (the second daughter of the late Thomas G. Ridout: Matilda Ridout), born in Ontario, Canada. She married the late Sir James Edgar in 1865. Lady Edgar is favorably known to the public as editor and annotator of *Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-1815*, being the Ridout Letters; also, an Appendix, etc., of the Narrative of the Captivity of Thomas Ridout among the Shawanese Indians in 1788. Toronto, 1890. A sentence from her introduction to the volume will indicate the spirit which animated the

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author in giving these interesting letters to the public: "It was a labor of love to collect these memorials of an honored father. Perhaps their publication will lead other descendants of the pioneers of this country to search in dusty boxes and ancient desks for other records of these 'days that are no more.'"

Author of *General Brock,* in the "Makers of Canada." Morang & Co., 1905.

MRS. J. C. YULE (Pamelia S. Vining), teacher, poet, born in New York State, United States; educated at the District School and Albion College, Michigan, to which state the family had removed. She began teaching when quite young, and after finishing her college course she taught in her Alma Mater. When (1860) the Canadian Institute at Woodstock was organized by its first principal, Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D.D., Miss Vining was appointed to the position of instructor in English, art and literature, a department for which she was well prepared.

Author of *Poems of the Heart and Home,* 1881; *Sowing and Reaping; or, Records of the Ellison Family,* 1899; *Up Hill; or, Paul Sutherland's Progress.* All her writings have a prevailing intensity of moral purpose, and are worthy of careful reading. She died at Ingersoll, 1896.

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"UNDER THE SNOW.

"Over the mountains, under the snow,
Lieth a valley cold and low,
'Neath a white immovable pall,
Desolate, dreary, soulless all,
And soundless, save when the wintry blast
Sweeps with funereal music past.
Yet was that valley not always so,
For I trod its summer-paths long ago,
And I gathered flowers of fairest dyes
Where now the snow-drift heaviest lies,
And I drank from its rills that with murmurous song
Wandered in golden light along
Through bowers, whose ever-fragrant air
Was heavy with perfume of flowrets fair—
Through cool, green meadows where, all day long,
The wild bee droned his voluptuous song,
While over all shone the eye of Love
In the violet-tinted heavens above."

—*Poems of the Heart and Home.*

The poem from which we take the above, the whole being too long to quote, is no ordinary production. The snow, which silently and sadly buries all the glory of summer beneath its white shroud, is taken as the emblem of that nipping blight that sooner or later falls on all life, withering its fairest blossoms in repellent decay; teaching all men a needful lesson, but which all are only too apt to forget.

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JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, M.D., author, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the elementary and secondary schools of Galt, his native town, and at the University of Toronto, M.D., 1872. Shortly after taking his degree of M.D., Mr. Crozier removed to London, England, and settled in practice there. He found time, as early as 1880, to produce an important work, *The Religion of the Future,* the first of a series of original volumes on the history of civilization and culture; *Civilization and Progress,* 1885; *History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution,* Vol. I., 1897; Vol. III., 1901 (Vol. II. has not been issued yet). *My Inner Life: A Chapter on Personal Evolution and Autobiography,* 1898. In 1887 he wrote *Lord Randolph Churchill: A Study of English Democracy.* By the kind offices of Lord Rosebery, in 1894, Dr. Crozier was favored by a civil list pension of £50 for life. His chief reputation rests upon *Civilization and Progress,* which has now reached a third edition. This work is one of much merit, and places Dr. Crozier along with the ablest men in this class of mental effort. As a writer his style is forcible and clear.

1849

HARRIET ANNIE WILKINS (Harriet Annie, pseud.), born in England, has lived for many years in Hamilton, Ontario, where she has

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conducted a private school. Miss Wilkins has published several books of verse. She is a spirited writer, distinguished by love of country, an ardent martial feeling, and by a devout spirit. Her best work is found in her martial pieces.

"Fierce was the battle, wild the strife—
The ground beneath them rang;
Redan and Malakoff that night
Echoed the muskets' clang.
Two thousand of the treacherous host
Advanced through that dark sky:
Two hundred of Victoria's men
Had met them at the cry—
'This way, 97th.'"

—*Wayside Flowers.*

1850 Rev. Arthur John Lockhart, poet, born in Nova Scotia, Canada; educated at the local schools; was for some years a printer, evinced an early taste for the study of nature and literature; he was admitted to the Methodist ministry, 1872, and has since served his Church in East Maine, U.S. Mr. Lockhart, by the pen-name "Pastor Felix," is widely known as a writer in prose and verse in the Canadian and American periodicals. *A Masque of Minstrels,* poems by himself and his brother, 1887; *Beside the Narraguagus, and Other Poems,* 1893; *The Papers of Pastor Felix,* 1904. For a hint of the spirit which animates his prose, we quote a short passage from his *Papers:*

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"He soon supplied me; then, while I eagerly drank from a cup that had been hung inside the curb, he turned away his attention and scanned the road again, or looked down the sunset way filling with glory the watery vale below, straining his eyes in either direction, and assuming his former look of anxious inquiry.

"'Is there some one expected, for whom you are looking?' I inquired.

"He returned again to a subconsciousness of my presence, and addressed me in a tone of preoccupation:

"'Ah! sir, I have looked for her long; nor can I forbear looking for her; nor can I conjecture whither she has gone. But,' he added, in a tone that went straight to my heart, 'surely she will come sometime! Surely she will come sometime!'"—*Phemie.*

Thus he sings about his native province:

"O thou beloved Acadia!
How, whensoe'er I think of thee,
Dull glow these skies 'neath which I range,
While all the summer hills are strange.

"Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam
In sparkles of the chiming stream;
And sometimes speaks thy haunting lore
The foam-wreathed Sibyl of the shore.

"And sometimes will mine eyes incline
To hill or wood that seems like thine;
Or, if the robin pipeth clear,
It is thy vernal note I hear."

A rare treat of enjoyment awaits anyone who can appreciate the spirit of sympathy and insight of "Pastor Felix," as shown in these salutary *Papers.*

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1850 ROBERT BARR, novelist, born in Glasgow, Scotland. The family came to the western part of Ontario, Canada, when Master Robert was only five years old. He attended the public schools during the winter months—the way then usual for boys—and helped his father in the summer time whenever opportunity offered; attended the Normal School, Toronto, and taught for some years in the public schools on the borders of Lake Erie. Mr. Barr joined the staff of the Detroit *Free Press,* 1876, and removed to London, England, 1881, where he now resides. Including *The Speculations of John Steele,* 1904, Mr. Barr is the author of eighteen volumes of fiction, and joint author, with Stephen Crane, of one volume, *The O'Ruddy.* Mr. Robert Barr has in several of his books, which are widely read, referred in well-founded and most justifiable terms to the extent and riches of Canada, both in lands and minerals, in this way doing good service for the British people. *In the Midst of Alarms,* in which an amusing sketch is given of "The Affair of Ridgeway," 1866, has more Canadian color in it, perhaps, than any of his volumes of fiction. The interest of his writing depends on the development of incidents rather than on the development of character, which demands much continuity of thought.

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ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD was born in Ireland, and came with the family to Canada when she was quite young—said to have been only five years. She was a daughter of the late Stephen Crawford, M.D., of Peterboro', Ont. At an early age contributions from her pen began to appear in the newspapers of Toronto, and thus the reading public became aware that a writer of more than ordinary power had been given to Canada. These contributions were frequently in the shape of short stories. One of them, under the title, *Some Black Sheep,* attracted considerable attention at the time of its publication. But the most valuable addition which she made to Canadian literature will be found in her only book of poems, *Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems,* 1884.

1851-1887

After her father's death, which occurred some years before her own, the main support of the family was the earnings of Miss Crawford's pen. It is pathetic to remember, while reading the harvest of her poetic pen, the brave struggle she was making for the maintenance of those dear to her in the face of the cold non-recognition of her literary abilities by the unconscious hydra-headed public. She herself must have been alive to this hard fate when she wrote:

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"The gods will have it thus,
The choicest of the earth for sacrifice,
Let it be man, or maid, or lowing bull."

Whatever may be the explanation, it is a fact that her book dropped almost dead from the press. With the exception of the critics, little notice was taken of this book, which contains a richly-varied collection of poems. Neither the "make-up" nor the title of the book would appeal to the people, and apparently no energy was spent in pushing its sale. The poor reception given by the public to her venture had a depressing effect upon Miss Crawford, many persons alleging that it was really the cause of her early death, which happened very suddenly in Toronto. The reader may doubt if this inference is well founded, remembering that Miss Crawford herself wrote in "Malcolm's Katie":

"Who curseth Sorrow knows her not at all.

"Spookses' Pass" is a poem of cowboy life in the Canadian West; perhaps "spun" out too much; but the descriptions in it are so vivid that it is almost incredible that any one should so write without actually being a cowboy.

We quote one stanza from "The Helot":

"Strife crouched red-eyed in the vine;
In its tendrils Eros strayed;
Anger rode upon the wine;
Laughter on the cup-lip played.'

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In many passages she describes in a masterly fashion the work of the early pioneers in the forests of Ontario; the felling of tree monarchs, the clearing of the fallow land; the fields black with stumps and covered with the golden harvest. Clearly the plenty in the homestead and the freedom of the Canadian farmer were pleasing to her. Her work is characterized by melody, width of view and power, that same quality which in man is named virility. The following stanzas are a specimen of her best work:

"O Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

"O if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land.

"O Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud or land, or mist or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere!"

The above notice of Miss Crawford's poetry was written about two years before the edition of her collected poems, edited by Mr. J. W. Garvin, B.A., with an Introduction by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, was issued by William Briggs, 1905. This handsome book

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does credit to both the editor and publisher, while Miss Wetherald's rarely appreciative and sympathetic introduction brings rightly to open view the richness of Miss Crawford's original and brilliant genius. Many of the fifty-two poems which now appear for the first time are very fine, and well sustain the high qualities which the critics recognized in the very inadequate edition of her work published in 1884.

"THE ROSE OF A NATION'S THANKS.

"A welcome! Oh, yes, 'tis a kindly word, but why will they plan and prate
Of feasting and speeches and such small things, while the wives and mothers wait?
Plan as ye will, and do as ye will, but think of the hunger and thirst
In the hearts that wait; and do as ye will, but lend us our laddies first!
Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks
Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a Nation's Thanks!"

—*Poems, Complete Edition.*

"CANADA TO ENGLAND.

"If destiny is writ on night's dusk scroll,
Then youngest stars are dropping from the hand
Of the Creator, sowing on the sky
My name in seeds of light. Ages will watch
Those seeds expand to suns, such as the tree
Bears on its boughs, which grows in Paradise."

—*Poems, Complete Edition.*

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JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH, caricaturist and poet, born in Ontario, Canada; 1851 educated at the District and Grammar School, Whitby. He studied law for a while, but finding that profession not to his taste, he became a printer. The family returned to Toronto, 1873, and Mr. Bengough founded the comic paper, *Grip,* which afforded wholesome teaching and amusement to Canadians for years, and established throughout the English-speaking world his fame as a caricaturist of no ordinary ability. Among his best known publications are: *Grip's Cartoons,* 1875; *Popular Readings, Original and Selected,* 1882; *Caricature History of Canadian Politics* (2 vols., illustrated, 1886); *Motley: Verses Grave and Gay,* 1895; *In Many Keys: A Book of Verse,* 1902. He excels in composing elegies. We reproduce the one he wrote on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald:

"SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

"Dead! dead! and now before
The threshold of bereavèd Earnscliffe stand,
In spirit, all who dwell within the land,
From shore to shore!

"Before that black-craped gate,
Men, women, children mourn the Premier gone,
For many loved and worshipped Old Sir John,
And none could hate.

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"And he is dead, they say!
The words confuse and mock the general ear—
What! can there yet be House and Members here,
And no John A.?

"So long all hearts he swayed,
Like merry monarch of some olden line,
Whose subjects questioned not his right divine,
But just obeyed

"His will's e'en faintest breath.
We had forgotten, 'midst affairs of state,
'Midst Hansard, Second Readings and Debate,
Such things as death!

"Swift came the dread eclipse
Of faculty, and limb, and life at last,
Ere to the Judge of all the earth he passed,
With silent lips

"But not insensate heart!
He was no harsh, self-righteous Pharisee—
The tender Christ compassioned such as he,
And took their part.

"As for his statesman-fame,
Let history calm his wondrous record read,
And write the truth, and give him honest meed
Of praise or blame."

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS, author, born in New Brunswick, Canada, descendant of U. E. L. family; educated at St. John Grammar School, and subsequently took a short course at the Fredericton Training School. He removed, 1879, to the

1858

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United States, and applied himself to commercial interests. But he has done considerable literary work for the magazines, etc., and published the following books: *Songs from Beranger, in the Original Metres,* 1888; *The Perfume Holder,* and a *Persian Love Song,* 1891; *Tales of a Garrison Town* (Halifax), with Rev. A. W. H. Eaton, 1892. These writers show what the trend of public opinion was in the provinces by the sea in their early manhood, for everyone who is to succeed in business pursuits is sent to the United States. Canada now keeps at least her energetic sons at home.

Rev. Arthur W. H. Eaton, author, born in Nova Scotia, Canada; educated by private tuition and at Harvard University, graduating, 1880. After due preparation he entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church in the United States. Author of *Acadian Legends and Lyrics,* 1889; and of the *Heart of the Creeds,* 1888; *The Church of England in Nova Scotia, and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution,* 1891; *Tales of a Garrison Town* (Halifax), with Mr. C. L. Betts, 1892; two volumes of verse, *Poems of the Christian Year,* and *Acadian Ballads,* 1905.

The following stanzas from "O Spirit of the Eternal Deep," in *Poems of the Christian*

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Year, will, we hope, induce the reader to secure both volumes; many of the poet's countrymen will highly appreciate the *Acadian Ballads.*

"Thy voice is heard in every sigh
Of the soft-swaying forest trees,
Thine is the unjarring melody
That greets us in the summer breeze.

"We hear Thy heart-beats in the shade
And silence of the forest dim;
Thou art in all the flowers that braid
With blue and gold the river's brim.

"The firmament Thy mind reveals,
The unchanging orbs, the spaces wide,
The splendid crimson fire that steals
Into the west at eventide."

These lines breathe melody and devotional feeling.

1854-1890

BARRY STRATON, poet, was born in New Brunswick, Canada; educated at various schools, and finished at the Collegiate Institute of his native city, Fredericton. He began the study of law, but finding that indoor life did not suit him he devoted himself to farming. Mr. Barry Straton, Charles Roberts and Bliss Carman are cousins and alike in this respect, that they began to write early in life. Mr. Straton published *Lays of Love, and Miscellaneous*

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Poems, 1884; *The Building of the Bridge: an Idyl of the St. John,* 1887; and *The Hunter's Hand-book.* He is an expert canoeist, and the River St. John his chosen field for exertion and inspiration. We take two stanzas from a poem named "Charity," as showing his thoughtful spirit:

"How read you the Scriptures? What say they? These three with the world now abide,
Hope, charity, faith, and the greatest is charity—blessed above all.
Our hands should be fruitful and open. The field for our giving is wide,
And blessing shall follow the gifts, though the power to give may be small.

"Then time may roll on with its tumults, its troubles and tempests of tears;
The sweet, voiceless shadows shall hold us till striving and sorrow are past.
We shall wake full refreshed to the judgment, though we slumber for eons of years;
And the Lord shall show us His glory, we shall be like to God at the last."

THOMAS STINSON JARVIS, author and dramatic critic, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at Upper Canada College; travelled when young, during which his fondness for the sea was shown; studied law, and was called to the bar 1880, thereafter practised for some years his pro-

1854

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fession. In 1890, published *Geoffrey Hampstead,* a novel, very well received by the critics. The scene of the book is laid in Toronto, and it is partly a study in heredity. Removing to New York City, 1891, to take up the life of letters, Mr. Jarvis produced his second novel, *Doctor Perdue,* with which he took a prize of $1,000 in Chicago. Meanwhile, he has done much successful work on magazines dealing with yachting. His novel, *The Ascent of Man,* appeared, 1894, concerning which the *Arena* says: "Jarvis has bridged the gap at which Darwin was halted, and by extending scientific methods into the examination of more immaterial processes, has given an aid and new vista to the study of evolution, which have established his name in the realm of lasting and valuable literature." The title of his last novel is, *She Lived in New York.* The reader of Mr. Jarvis's work can easily perceive that for him England is his country and Canada his home.

1854-1885

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON, journalist, born in Nova Scotia, Canada; educated at the local schools of his native province, the Law School of the University of Boston, and at Queen's University, where he matriculated in 1882. While in Boston, whither the family removed in 1869, he paid much attention to literature, and was a

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frequent contributor to the leading daily press of that famed city. For two years prior to his death, he was editor of the Kingston *News*.

The reader of his poems cannot but be struck with his burning hate of oppression and wrong wherever it may be, and his passionate sympathy with the struggle for freedom everywhere, in China, in Russia, in France, in America, in Ireland. A gifted son of Nova Scotia, he reflected honor on his native province and the Dominion. The author's *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death* was edited by his brother, Charles J. Cameron, and published, Kingston and Boston, 1887.

"WHAT MATTERS IT?

I.

"What reck we of the creeds of men!
We see them—we shall see again.
What reck we of the tempests' shock?
What reck we when our anchor locks?
On golden marl or mould—
In salt-sea flower or river rock—
What matters, so it holds?

II.

"What matters it the spot we fill
On earth's green sod when all is said?
When feet and hands and heart are still,
And all our pulses quieted?
What hate or love can kill or thrill,
When we are done with life, and dead?
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VI.

"For we shall rest; the brain that planned,
That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
Nor working any work or will,
While eye and lip and heart and hand
Shall all be still—shall all be still!"

CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY, F.R.G.S., author, born in England and educated there, a barrister of the Middle Temple, 1884. He is a sportsman, and has travelled widely; since 1896 has made British Columbia his home.

1854

Author of many volumes about his journeys and adventures in Europe and America. Several of them are about the West of Canada and the Pacific shores. Perhaps the most noted in this respect are *The Trottings of a Tenderfoot,* 1884; *Snap,* 1890; *Gold, Gold in Cariboo,* 1894; *One of the Broken Brigade,* 1897. As an indication of his work we quote a few lines from *The Trottings of a Tenderfoot:*

"At Seattle, Portland, St. Paul, Chicago, all the way back to New York landing stage, the air has been full of speculation; figures have floated constantly before your eyes; every one has been doing sums, and you yourself, contrary to your nature, have joined in the general pastime; conversation has been saturated with mercantile phrases; and alto-

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gether the dollar devil has got such a hold of you that you have begun to feel as feverishly eager as the rest.

"But here there is peace. Not that there is any lack of energy or even speculation within moderate bounds; but in Victoria the English element has asserted itself and declared business before pleasure, if you like; but business without pleasure, never. So that you wake, as it were, from a railroad nightmare and rejoice in the belief that the dollar was made for man and not man for the dollar."

1854 Rev. Matthew Richey Knight, born in Nova Scotia, Canada; educated at the public schools and Mount Allison University; graduated B.A., 1875. After teaching in the public schools some time, Mr. Knight has been in the active service of the Methodist Church for several years. Author of *Poems of Ten Years*, 1887.

The following quotations will shadow forth the temper of his muse:

"The wondrous sorcery of song,
Its magic influences;
The mastery, profound and strong,
Of true poetic senses;—
To her made all things pure and bright,
And little things seem infinite.

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"All through the warp of human bliss
The weft of woe flies ever:
No power in this weak world, I wis,
Can this from that dissever;
But he who waits the final light
Heeds not the surging clouds of night."
—*On the Death of the Princess Alice.*

"THE MERCY OF GOD.

"They have a saying in the East:
'Two angels note the deeds of men,
And one is first and one is least.
When men do right one takes his pen
And magnifies the deed to ten.

"'This angel is at God's right hand,
And holds the other in command.
He says to him when men do wrong,
"The man was weak, temptation strong—
Write not the record down to-day;
To-morrow he may grieve and pray."'

"It may be myth; but this is sooth—
No ruth is lasting as God's ruth;
The strongest is the tenderest;
He, who best knows us, loves us best."

"JACQUES CARTIER.

"No flame of war was he, no flower of grace,
No star of wisdom; but a plain, bold man,
More careful of the end than of the plan.
No mystery was he afraid to face;
No savage strategy, no furious storm,
No stings of climate, no unthought disease;
His master purpose would not bend to these,
But saw, through all, achievement's towering form.

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"He first beheld the gloomy Saguenay,
And Stadacona's high, forbidding brow;
His venturous vision, too, did first survey
Fair Hochelaga, but not fair as now.
St. Malo holds his dust, the world his fame,
But his strong, dauntless soul 'tis ours to claim."

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D., poet, a native of Ireland; educated in Ireland and Canada, graduating M.D., from Bishop's College, Lennoxville, 1884. He practised his profession in Montreal and at the same time was a member of the Medical faculty, McGill University. Author of *The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems,* 1898; *Philorum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres,* 1898; *Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems,* 1901; and *The Voyageur, and Other Poems,* 1906. These books are illustrated by Fred. S. Coburn. Dr. Drummond, introducing so aptly the human "touch," has secured the good-will of the people. We feel that it is only just to the author that we should quote from the preface of *The Habitant* a few words:

1854

"My friends: Understand that I have not written the verses as examples of a dialect, or with any thought of ridicule."

Dr. Drummond's verse perhaps does not strictly classify as English literature, but it so felicitously interprets the life of the French-Canadian habitants that it is considered well deserving of mention.

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He happily voices the sentiments of our fellow-subjects in the Province of Quebec, in two stanzas which we quote from "The Habitant's Jubilee Ode":

"Yass, dat is de way Victoriaw fin' us dis jubilee,
Sometom' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all in de familee,
An' w'enever dere's danger roun' her, no matter on sea or lan',
She'll find that les Canayens can fight de sam' as bes' Englishman.

"An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly—
Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy leev an die.
Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateauguay,
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan we will kip alway!"

—*The Habitant and Other Poems.*

W. A. FRASER, novelist, a native of Nova Scotia, Canada. Author of *The Eye of a God, and Other Stories,* 1899; *Mooswa, and Others of the Boundaries,* 1900; *The Outcast,* 1901; *Thoroughbreds,* 1902; *The Blood Lilies,* 1903; *Brave Heart,* 1904; *The Sa-Zada Stories,* 1905.

Mr. Fraser ranks high among the fertile writers who find their inspiration in nature. His writings show that the author has intimate knowledge of the western provinces of

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Canada, and very few have succeeded better than he has in putting his knowledge into the luring stories he has given to the world of the great lone land of the West.

JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY, author, born in Nova Scotia; educated at the Grammar School and Dalhousie College, Halifax; B.A., 1874. He studied law, Harvard University, and was called to the bar, 1878; practised his profession in his native city, Halifax, a few years, and edited some volumes of legal *Decisions*. In 1883 he entered the Department of Marine and Fisheries as legal adviser. Since 1891 Mr. Oxley has been engaged in mercantile life in Montreal and subsequently in Toronto. Beginning as a contributor to the most influential magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, he brought out his first volume, *Bert Lloyd's Boyhood*, 1887. Other volumes followed in rapid succession, which were received with much favor by the reading public. In 1885 Mr. Oxley entered a new field, writing for the younger generation, a field which he has made peculiarly his own. Among his most popular novels are: *Up Among the Ice Floes*, 1890; *The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa*, 1891; *The Wreckers of Sable Island*, do.; *In the Swing of the Sea*, 1897; *In the Paths of Peril*, 1903. To his

1855

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credit as a writer stand twenty-six volumes of fiction, the prevailing theme of the most of them being Canada and its people. It is a good thing that talented Canadian writers are rising up who are willing to make a study of the manners and customs of the denizens of the wide Dominion.

As a writer he has been the winner in open competition of several valuable prizes. Of Canadian writers, Mr. Oxley probably is the most prolific and versatile. A man of wide reading, sound information and clearness, his vivid descriptions are of a high order of accuracy.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., Ph.D., poet, essayist, born in Ontario, Canada; **1855** educated in the public school, at St. Michael's College and Ottawa University, taking subsequently studies at Syracuse (Ph.D. 1889) and Cornell Universities.

Dr. O'Hagan has taught in the public and high schools of Ontario for a number of years, in the latter schools conducting classes in classics and moderns. He is esteemed to be a sympathetic interpreter of English literature, to which he has given earnest attention; he is also widely known as a public lecturer.

Author of *A Gate of Flowers,* 1887; *Dreamland, and Other Poems,* 1893; *Songs of the Settlement, and Other Poems,* 1899; *Canadian Essays,* 1901.

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Thus he teaches wisdom and patience in the lines following:

"RIPENED FRUIT.

"The swallows twitter in the sky,
But bare the nest beneath the eaves;
The fledglings of my care are gone,
And left me but the rustling leaves.

"And yet I know my life has strength,
And firmer hope, and sweeter prayer,
For leaves that murmur on the ground
Have now for me a double care.

"I see in them the hope of spring,
That erst did plan the autumn day;
I see in them each gift of man
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

"Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripened through the summer's ray;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay."

Thus he reminds us of a sweet memory every one has of the days when care was light:

"THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

"It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care,
It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's set in notes of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;

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It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,
And is stirred with ripest blessing thro' a mother's sacred love.
O sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings!"

—*A Gate of Flowers.*

HEREWARD K. COCKIN, born and educated in England, removed to Canada, where he gave his attention to journalism for several years. Author of *Gentleman Dick o' the Greys, and Other Poems,* 1889. To journalism he for some time past has added mining on the north-east shore of Lake Superior.

"AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

"Moaning, moaning o'er the prairie, wail the chill December skies,
Silently the drifting hardens where a storm-beat wand'rer lies;
Swift the weird-like shadows glooming in the fading light of day,
O'er a lone heart sadly dreaming of the old home far away;
And he sees those well-known faces, chasten'd by the hand of time,
As they sit around the ingle, listening to the clang and rhyme
Of sweet-toned bells, that far and wide
Ring in the gladsome Christmas-tide.

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"Borne above the north wind's sobbing—o'er the clashing of the bells—
Float the tones of quaint old carols, touching chords of memory's cells;
But the blessèd vision passes; silent now the sweet refrain,
And the horrors of the Frost King rise before his ken again:
One more effort, onward staggering, till before his ice-lash'd eyes,
Beams the log-wood's cheery welcome, and his wild, despairing cries
Are heard by joyous hearts that glide
In the settlers' dance at Christmastide.

"Moaning, moaning, wails the north wind, and the moonbeams break and pale
O'er a nestling, peaceful homestead, in a pleasant English vale;
And around its ingle glowing kneel a gentle household band,
Who are praying for a wanderer in a far-off foreign land;
Pray the mother, sire, and sisters, pray they for an only son,
Asking heaven to shield, in mercy, him, the wayward absent one.
And by that prayer is Death denied
In the western wilds at Christmas-tide."

Mr. Cockin is uneven in his work. A few of his poems are worthy to remain in the literature of the Canadian people; others were written to cause, at the time, a laugh.

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1856-1904

WILLIAM MCLENNAN, author, born in Quebec, Canada. He was educated at the High School of his native city, Montreal, and McGill University, from which he graduated B.C.L., with distinction, in 1880. He practised law and filled many useful positions of honor in the city of Montreal. For the sake of his health he travelled in Europe for two years, dying in Vallambrosa, Italy.

He paid special attention to the lives and times of old French Canada, concerning which he published much interesting literature. He published *Songs of Old Canada,* translated from the French, 1886; and *Montreal and Some of the Makers Thereof,* 1903. In collaboration with Miss McIlwraith he published, 1897, an historical novel of Prince Charlie's day. Many short stories and good verses written by him frequently appeared in the leading magazines of the day.

1857-1895

EDWARD BURROUGH BROWNLOW, journalist, poet, was born in London, England: Author of *Orpheus, and Other Poems,* 1896.

After his death, *Orpheus, and Other Poems* was published with the following: "These poems are now collected and published in memory of Edward Burrough Brownlow

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. . . by his fellow-members of the Pen and Pencil Club," 1896. Montreal.

"THE SONNET.

"The sonnet is a diamond flashing round
From every facet true rare-colored lights;
A gem of thought carved in poetic nights
To grace the brow of art by fancy crowned;
A miniature of soul wherein are found
Marvels of beauty and resplendent sights;
A drop of blood with which a lover writes
His heart's sad epitaph in its own bound;
A pearl gained from dark waters when the deep
Rocked in its frenzied passion; the last note
Heard from a heaven-saluting skylark's throat;
A cascade small flung in a canyon steep,
With crystal music. At this shrine of song
High priests of poesy have worshipped long."

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL, poet and novelist, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the High School, Montreal, and McGill; graduated with high honors in English Literature, 1879; took the law course of the same university, and has successfully since practised his profession in Montreal. Social subjects have engaged his attention to a considerable degree.

1857

Author of *Thoughts, Moods and Ideals,* a booklet of verse, 1887. In 1889 he edited *Songs of the Great Dominion,* and, in 1891, *Canadian Poems and Lays.* Mr. Lighthall has

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written two novels: *The Young Seigneur; or Nation-Making,* 1888, and *The False Chevalier; or, The Life Guard of Marie Antoinette,* 1898.

"I know thee not, O spirit fair!
O life and flying Unity
Of loveliness! Must man despair
Forever in his chase of thee!

"I know thee not, O spirit fair!
Thou fillest heaven: the stars are thee!
Whatever fleets with beauty rare
Fleets radiant from thy mystery.

"Forever thou art near my grasp;
Thy torches pass in twilight air;
Yet still—thy shapes elude my clasp—
I know thee not, O spirit fair!

"I know thee not, O spirit sweet!
I chained pursue, while thou art free.
Sole by thy smile I sometimes meet,
I know thou, vast one, knowest me."

—*The Artist's Prayer.*

Mr. Lighthall has good work to his credit in Canadian literature.

ROBERT KIRKLAND KERNIGHAN, poet-journalist, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at a common school. He began journalism by being local editor of the Hamilton *Spectator* when not twenty years of age, and has worked on the press in Winni-

1857

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peg and Toronto. In 1894 he published *The Tattleton Papers,* and in 1896 *The Khan's Canticles.* Mr. Kernighan is well known as a writer of clever songs and of patriotic and humorous verse. Chief among his poems are "Canada First," "The Men of the Northern Zone," "Ya-honk," "The Wabagoon," "Kiss Her Every Day," "The Fittest Only Shall Survive," "The Socks My Mother Knit," etc. If one had never heard that the "Khan" is a farmer and fond of planting trees, a reader of his poems would know that such he is, so instinct are some of the poems with the spirit of the soil and the country life of the people. They deserve a permanent place in the literature of Canada.

Here is a poem which virtually is a response to the spirit of "Hands All Round":

"Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone!
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northerner lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent:
'Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?'

"Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
To the seas where the north star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pines.

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We never will bend the knee,
We'll always and aye be free,
For liberty reigns in the land of the leal,
Our brothers are round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone."

—*The Men of the Northern Zone.*

True sons the world over will thank the "Khan" for the inspiration of the poem from which this stanza is taken:

"The wool was spun upon the wheel—
That little wheel of ancient make;
And nothing, sir, can happen which
Can from his mind its memory take.
And o'er the storm he hears the wheel:
Its scolding, pettish, breezy purr—
He hears his mother sing, and hears
The wheel join in and sing with her."

—*The Socks My Mother Knit.*

We cannot forbear quoting a stanza from the poetic gem, "This is Spring":

"Spring is Hope—and Hope is God!
Without it nothing lives or breathes;
It speaks—behold the daisied sod;
The tree is glad, the water seethes;
The crows go winding northward, ho!
The cranes across the marshes swing;
The bullfrogs croak where sedges grow,
And then I know that this is Spring."

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JOSEPH KEARNEY FORAN, journalist and poet, born in Quebec, Canada; educated at University of Ottawa and Laval (LL.B., 1880), practised law for a short time, but failing health compelled him to abandon that profession. Thereafter he turned to journalism. The author of *The Spirit of the Age; Faith and Infidelity,* 1894, and *Poems and Canadian Lyrics,* 1895.

1857

From the poem, "Aurora Borealis," we take two stanzas:

"In the north behold a flushing,
Then a deep and crimson blushing,
Followed by an airy rushing
Of the purple waves that rise!
As when armèd host advances,
See a silver banner dances,
And a thousand golden lances
Shimmer in the Boreal skies!
The vision slowly dies!

"Transformation still beholding,
Up the veil is swiftly folding—
And fantastic shapes are moulding
On the background of the sky;
Dimmer armies are parading—
Fainter wreaths the light is braiding,
While the splendors all are fading
Into one purple dye,
Disappearing from the eye."

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MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD, journalist, poet, a native of the Province of Ontario, Canada, of English Quaker parentage, her father being the Rev. William Wetherald, who founded (about the middle of last century) the Rockwood Academy, where he had under his charge youths from many counties of Ontario. Educated at home, at a Friends' boarding school in New York State and at Pickering College, Ontario, Miss Wetherald has written for many of the best journals and magazines on this side of the Atlantic, and highly appreciative reviews of her poetic work have appeared in the best periodicals of Canada, the United States and England.

1857

Author of *The House of the Trees, and Other Poems,* 1895; *Tangled in Stars, Poems,* 1902; *The Radiant Road,* 1904. In these volumes we have a delightful collection of sonnets, songs and verses, abounding in pure thoughts and bright picturesque descriptions expressed in truly poetic language. She stands in the foremost rank of our lyrists; as a sonnet writer she has few equals. Her best praise is her work.

"THE WOODSIDE WAY.

"I wandered down the woodside way,
Where branching doors ope with the breeze,
And saw a little child at play
Among the strong and lovely trees;

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The dead leaves rustled to her knees ;
Her hair and eyes were brown as they.
'Oh, little child,' I softly said,
'You come a long, long way to me ;
The trees that tower overhead
Are here in sweet reality,
But you're the child I used to be,
And all the leaves of May you tread.'"

"AT THE WINDOW.

"How thick about the window of my life
Buzz, insect-like, the tribe of petty frets ;
Small cares, small thoughts, small trials and small strife,
Small loves and hates, small hopes and small regrets.

"If 'mid this swarm of smallnesses remain
A single undimmed spot, with wondering eye
I note before my freckled window-pane
The outstretched splendor of the earth and sky."

These two poems are instances of the author's reminiscent and comforting moods.

"LEAFLESS APRIL.

"Leafless April chased by light,
Chased by dark and full of laughter,
Stays a moment in her flight
Where the warmest breezes waft her,
By the meadow brook to lean,
Or where winter rye is growing,
Showing in a lovelier green
Where her wayward steps are going.

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"Blithesome April, brown and warm,
Showing slimness through her tatters,
Chased by sun or chased by storm—
Not a whit to her it matters.
Swiftly through the violet bed,
Down to where the stream is flooding,
Light she flits—and round her head
See the orchard branches budding!"

"A RAINY MORNING.

"The low sky, and the warm, wet wind,
And the tender light on the eyes;
A day like a soul that never sinned,
New dropped from Paradise.

"And 'tis oh, for a long walk in the rain,
By the side of the warm, wet breeze,
With the thoughts washed clean of dust and stain
As the leaves on the shining trees."
—*The House of the Trees, and Other Poems.*

These stanzas express artistically her joy in out-door life.

Do we not all remember the joy of such an experience as we have so sweetly recalled by the lines following:

"AMONG THE LEAVES.

"The near sky, the under sky,
The low sky that I love!
I lie where fallen leaves lie,
With a leafy sky above,
And draw the colored leaves nigh,
And push the withered leaves by,
And feel the woodland heart upon me,
Brooding like a dove.

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"The bright sky, the moving sky,
The sky that autumn weaves.
I see where scarlet leaves fly,
The sky the wind bereaves.
I see the ling'ring leaves die,
I hear the dying leaves sigh,
And breathe the woodland breath made sweet
Of all her scented leaves."

We quote a poem in which the gifted writer expresses her loving sympathies so gracefully, with respect to home:

"POVERTY'S LOT.

"Poverty bought our little lot,
Flooded with daisy blooms;
Poverty built our little cot,
And furnished all its rooms.

"Yet Peace leans over Labor's chair,
Joys at the fireside throng,
While up and down on Poverty's stair
Love sings the whole day long."

To the majority of readers the short poems will appeal most forcibly. They could more appropriately be called "thoughts," for each gives some truth in two or three verses. A striking instance is "The Failure":

"A failure who had ne'er achieved
Self-victory, at last lay dead.
'Poor failure!' thus his neighbors grieved.
'Poor miserable wretch,' they said,
'His weakness was the worst of crimes—
He failed at least a thousand times.'

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"Meanwhile the failure gave to God
His vain attempts. Remorsefully
And prostrate on the skyey sod,
'I failed a thousand times,' said he.
'Welcome!' rang out the heavenly chimes,
'He strove—he strove a thousand times.'"
—*The Radiant Road.*

Miss Wetherald has added a contribution of indisputable grace to the treasury of Canadian poetic literature. One great merit of her writing is that it is so decidedly, if spontaneously, Canadian in coloring and atmosphere.

MRS. S. FRANCES HARRISON ("Seranus"), author, born in Ontario, Canada; educated in Toronto, her native city, and Montreal. She has given much attention to music, and has written much in prose and verse for the magazines.

She is the author of *Crowded Out, and Other Sketches,* 1886; *The Canadian Birthday Book,* 1887; *Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lys,* 1891; *The Forest of Bourg-Marie,* 1898. She has made an earnest study of French-Canadian life in Canada, which she treats with sympathy and tact. Her style indicates her musical talent and training. The truthful and delicate manner in which she deals, in *The Forest of Bourg-Marie* (wherein bright descriptive sketches are frequently met),

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with the habitant who preferred the United States to his own province is most refreshing reading.

We have to confine ourselves to one short poem:

"SEPTEMBER.

I.

"Birds that were gray in the green are black in the yellow,
Here where the green remains rocks one little fellow.

"Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?
More than that—do you know that the yellow is showing?

II.

"Singer of songs, do you know that your youth is flying?
That age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?

"Lover of life, do you know that the brown is going?
More than that—do you know that the gray is showing?"

MRS. KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, poet, born in the State of New York, U.S.A., of Quaker descent by the mother; educated there and taught school for a few years; came to Canada and married a Canadian. Resides now in Kingston, Ontario.

Her name is well known in magazines as a writer of verse. Author of *The Coming of the Princess, and Other Poems,* 1881, Toronto. A meritorious contribution to the poetical

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literature of Canada, and deserves to be read with sympathy and appreciation for the intellectual and moral aspirations which produced it. Her work is worthy of her, because it is honest work.

"BIRD SONG.

"Art thou not sweet,
Oh, World, and glad to the inmost heart of thee!
All creatures rejoice
With one rapturous voice,
As I, with passionate beat
Of my over-full heart, feel sweet,
And all things that live are part of thee.

"Oh, Life, thou art sweet!
Sweet, sweet to the inmost heart of thee!
I drink with my eyes
Thy limitless skies,
And I feel with the rapturous beat
Of my wings thou art sweet—
And I—I am alive, and a part of thee!"

MISS JEAN NEWTON MCILWRAITH, author, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the Ladies' College, Hamilton, her native city, and in London, England. She has done much literary work in connection with Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, of which she has been a member since 1886. Several short stories written by her have appeared in the magazine press of the United States. Author of *The Making of Mary* (Jean Forsyth), 1895, a

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bright entertaining novelette; *The Span of Life* (with William McLennan), 1899; *The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell,* 1901. *Sir Frederick Haldimand* (in the Makers of Canada Series), 1904.

Miss Jean N. McIlwraith has written a notable biography of Sir Frederick Haldimand. We are much mistaken, or the effect of it will be the reversal of the statement in the last line of the well-known couplet:

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

The Governor-General, Sir Frederick Haldimand, is worthy of the praise implied in the sentence:

> "In so far as the first settlers partook of his thrift and his tireless patience in overcoming difficulties are they worthy to be classed with Haldimand, the founder of Ontario."

Miss Lily A. Dougall, novelist, born in Province of Quebec, Canada; **1858** educated in elementary subjects in Montreal and New York, and in Edinburgh University classes for women (LL.A. St. Andrew's). First editor of *World Wide.* At present she resides in England, taking occasional trips to Scotland. Miss Dougall has been much abroad, but in recent years has

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visited her native city, Montreal, during some part of each year.

Her best known works are *Beggars All,* 1891; *What Necessity Knows,* 1893; *The Mermaid; A Love Tale,* 1895; *The Zeit-Geist,* 1895; *The Madonna of a Day,* 1896. These works and others published by her show Miss Dougall to be a writer of uncommon ability. We take a sentence from her foreword to *Zeit-Geist,* in which she explains, with respect to theology, her conception of the function of fiction: "I do not believe that it belongs to the novel to teach theology; but I do believe that religious sentiments and opinions are a legitimate subject of its art, and perhaps its highest function is to promote understanding by bringing into contact minds that habitually misinterpret one another."

JOHN HENRY BROWN, poet, born in Ontario, Canada, entered the Civil Service of Canada, 1882. The author of a volume entitled *Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic.* Ottawa, 1892. A kindly, thoughtful spirit pervades his poetry. We can quote only one stanza from "A Letter":

1859

"Love keeps the key to hearts; and true love may
Win entrance even unto the courts of heaven.
Love is the peer of thought, the master, say;
Who loves, to him life's treasures shall be given.

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Humility may soar to stellar heights,
With calm, unflinching gaze may front the morning,
Or in the midday dazzle wheel his flights,
Hate, pride and fear unfelt, or lightly scorning.
And what ambition's eager angels never
May find, love's fools may win and keep forever."

SIR HORATIO GILBERT PARKER, novelist, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the Normal School, Ottawa; taught in public schools for a year or two, studied for the Church, attended Trinity College, Toronto, two years, and gave lectures there on English Literature. Ill-health made it necessary for him to seek a warmer climate, and he chose, in 1886, Australia. During these years he wrote and published in the magazines quite a number of poems, some of which he collected and published under the title of *A Lover's Diary;* second edition, 1894. While in Australia he was active and successful, writing in connection with the public press of that Commonwealth.

1859

Mr. Parker removed to London, 1890, where he has since lived (frequently visiting Canada), and has earned a distinguished reputation in all English-speaking countries by the number and quality of volumes of fiction he has written—in all, to the present, fifteen volumes. He was elected a member of the House of Commons, 1900, and knighted, 1902.

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Canada expects from her son, Sir Gilbert, who is still a young man, many more volumes.

Thus it is seen that Mr. Parker has been gradually climbing upward into public favor by persistent work, generally well done. The publication of his novels revealed that he is an author of superior attractiveness. A few of his novels have led some of his admirers to place him alongside the author of *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Rienzi.* It is to his credit (though he was not the first author, nor the first Canadian author who made Canada his literary field), to find in Canada, the scene of the conflict for centuries of the two foremost nations of the world, an ample scope for invention of plot and achievement in producing novels of interest and real literary value. His style is simple and lucid. Some conceptions are poetic and many paragraphs consist of vivid description. We hesitate to say that his later volumes have fulfilled the promise of his early ones. The disappointment we attribute to too much hurry on the part of the author; the proper remedy, therefore, is easily within his reach.

"There appeared a little Frenchman of the most refined and unusual appearance. The blue cloth of his coat set off the extreme paleness of a small but serene face and high, round forehead. The hair, a beautiful silver gray which time only had powdered, was tied in

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a queue behind. The little gentleman's hand was as thin and fine as a lady's, his shoulders were narrow and slightly stooped, his eye was eloquent and benign. His dress was amazingly neat, but showed constant brushing and signs of the friendly repairing needle.

"The whole impression was that of a man whom a whiff of wind would blow away; with body of an ascetic and the simplicity of a child. The face had some practical sort of wisdom, difficult to define and impossible to imitate. He held in his hand a cane of the sort carried at the court of Louis Quinze."

The author thus describes a scene in which the heroine Guida appears:

"There was only a picture before him which, by some fantastic transmission, merged into his reveries. What he saw was an ancient building—just such a humble pile of stone and rough mortar as one might see on some lone cliff of the Ægean or on abandoned isles of the equatorial sea."—*Battle of the Strong.*

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS, poet and story writer, born in New Brunswick, Canada; educated at the Grammar School and University of New Brunswick, taking his B.A. degree with honors in Mental and Moral Science and Political Economy in 1879. He taught in grammar schools of his native province during five years; edited the *Week,* Toronto, for a few months, and thereafter became Professor of English Literature and Economics in King's

1860

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College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Since 1895 he has devoted himself exclusively to literary work. For the last ten years Mr. Roberts has lived mostly in New York, frequently visiting Canada and Britain.

Canada's literature is enriched by the many and valuable contributions Mr. Roberts has made to it in both prose and verse, and that he has been an influential leader of the new and promising Canadian band of writers is freely acknowledged by every one who has adequate acquaintance with his distinguished literary work.

Since the Confederation was consummated, in 1867, the writers of Canada—nearly all natives of the young and aspiring British Confederacy in America—have utilized more and more the rich heritage of native adventure and thrilling story with which their country so largely abounds. This is sure to be increasingly the case in the future. This commendable and hopeful state, as regards literature, did not begin with Mr. Roberts and his confrères, for we find Sangster, Kirby, McLachlan, Reade, Dewart—to name only a few—garnering successfully in the same field which had been so persistently overlooked. It is universally true that the writer of any country whom the people will gladly hear is he who manages to get the right material of his

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country's life into his work in such a way that all the world may feel what gives his country character and significance among nations.

In contrast with preceding writers, the reader of Mr. Roberts' work becomes conscious of higher scholarship, of a more intimate acquaintance on the part of the author with the literary world of former generations. Not, indeed, that the work is higher or better as a criticism of life, but of a more varied life and expressed in firmer style.

His first volume, *Orion, and Other Poems,* was published in 1880. As we might expect from so young a writer—only turned twenty—the author shows clearly the ardent spirit of the poet, largely controlled by his classical studies. Other volumes followed until he issued, 1901, one in which these words are found: "Of all my verse written before the end of 1898 this collection contains everything that I care to preserve."

Thus the poet addresses his countrymen:

"AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

"Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,

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A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!'
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!"

"THE WRESTLER.

"When God sends out His company to travel through the stars,
There is every kind of wonder in the show;
There is every kind of animal behind its prison bars,
With riders in a many-colored row.
The master showman, Time, has a strange trick of rhyme,
And the clown's most ribald jest is a tear;
But the best drawing card is the wrestler, huge and hard,
Who can fill the tent at any time of year.

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"His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with his hand,
With authoritative finger, and they come.
The rules of the game they do not understand,
But they go as in a dream, and are dumb.
They would fain say him nay, and they look the other way,
Till at last to the ropes they cling,
But he throws them one by one, till the show for them is done,
In the blood-red dust of the ring.

.

"At last will come an hour when the stars shall feel his power,
And he shall have his will upon the sun.
Ere we know what he's about the lights will be put out,
And the wonder of the show will be undone."

Mr. Roberts' best poetic work, we think, is to be found in the "sonnet sequence." This mode of writing seems to call forth his noblest effort, and he does himself most justice when engaged in nature description. Many passages —whole poems even—can easily be found which are not unworthy of favorable comparison with Wordsworth's best work in the same field: simple, true, direct and musical idyls, lyrics.

The note which is lacking, and that debars the author from ranking with the great poets, is the absence of any direct vivid treatment of human life—"the criticism of life"—the element in true poetry which enchains the attention of even the careless reader.

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We quote three or four:

"AYLESFORD LAKE.

"All night long the light is lying
Silvery on the birches sighing;
All night long the loons are crying
Sweetly over Aylesford Lake.
Berry-copse and brake encumber
Granite islands out of number;
All night long the islands slumber,
But my heart is wide awake.

"Listening where the water teaches
Magic to the shining beaches—
Watching where the waveless reaches
Hold communion with the sky,
Soon my spirit grows serener,
Hearing saner, vision keener.
In the night's benign demeanor
Peace and wisdom venture nigh."

Many Canadians will vouch for the truth of the following idyl of their country:

"THE SOLITARY WOODSMAN.

"When the birches twinkle yellow,
And the cornel bunches mellow,
And the owl across the twilight
Trumpets to his downy fellow,—

"When the nut-fed chipmunks romp
Through the maples' crimson pomp,
And the slim viburnum flushes
In the darkness of the swamp,—

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"When the blueberries are dead,
When the rowan clusters red,
And the shy bear, summer slickened,
In the bracken makes his bed,—

"On a day there comes once more
To the latched and lonely door,
Down the wood-road striding silent,
One that has been here before.

"Green spruce branches for his head,
Here he makes his simple bed,
Crouching with the sun, and rising
When the dawn is frosty red.

"All day long he wanders wide
With the gray moss for his guide,
And his lonely axe-stroke startles
The expectant forest-side."

Mr. Roberts' popular masterpiece, a noble sonnet, is

"THE SOWER.

"A brown, sad-colored hill side, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

"Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;
God-like, he makes provision for mankind."

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He published in 1897 a history of Canada; it had been written in an unsuccessful competition for a prize offered by the Educational authorities of the Dominion. The spirit of the work is patriotic; occasionally the language, perhaps, is too florid, but, as might be expected of one of the best writers in Canada, always in good literary form.

As a writer of short stories, of which he has already issued twelve volumes, he ranks amongst the first. Many, we venture to say, give him thanks for the hearty laughs and happy hours he has enabled them to pass, either alone or in company, by the product of his skilful pen.

"A very distinguished writer—to whom all contemporary writers on nature are indebted, and from whom it is only with the utmost diffidence that I venture to dissent at all—has gently called me to account on the charge of ascribing to my animals human motives and mental processes of man. The fact is, however, that this fault is one which I have been at particular pains to guard against. The psychological processes of the animals are so simple, so obvious, in comparison with those of man, their actions flow so directly from their springs of impulse, that it is, as a rule, an easy matter to infer the motives which are at any moment impelling them."

The above quotation is from the Prefatory Notes to *Watchers on the Trails.* We had marked passages in his prose work for quotation, but lack of space compels us to omit them.

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ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON, author, artist, naturalist, born in England, of Scotch descent; the family removed to Toronto, Canada, when he was five years old; educated at the Toronto Grammar School, now the Collegiate Institute, Jarvis Street, and has since amply justified the high opinion his tutor in drawing, Mr. Richard Baigent, had of his youthful promise of becoming an artist of more than ordinary ability; studied at the Royal Academy, and also in Paris. While in Paris he made the painting, "The Wolf," which may be regarded as his introduction to his specialty, the painting of animals and wild life, in which he is very successful. As illustrator, he has done much work in connection with New York publishing houses, as well as in Canada.

1860

He is Government naturalist to the Province of Manitoba, and in order to perform the duties of his office satisfactorily he studied most earnestly wild life, both summer and winter, throughout the West. But our belief is that, being such a lover of nature as he is, he would have studied wild life quite independently of any Government appointment.

In 1898 he published *Wild Animals I Have Known, The Trail of a Sand-Hill Stag* in 1899, *The Biography of a Grizzly*, 1900; *Lives of the Hunted*, 1901; *The Two*

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Little Savages, 1903; *Monarch, the Big Bear of Talloe,* 1904. All of these volumes are illustrated with rare good taste and artistic skill. Doubtless the public are reaping the ripe fruit of the deft and trained hand of Mr. Thompson-Seton in the apposite illustrations throughout these deservedly popular volumes. Mr. Thompson-Seton has a genius for telling stories. In his later writings there is a more humane understanding, and a recognition of responsibility.

It is complained that the author has humanized his animals too much, but so long as he is able to tell his stories so realistically and convincingly, the great majority of his readers will not complain. His own defence is that his chief aim in writing is to interest his readers in the various creatures about them, that the original friendship between man and beast may be restored. So mote it be.

1860 Rev. Charles William Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), novelist, born in Ontario, Canada; was prepared, principally at home, for college, his father being a minister of the Presbyterian Church for many years in Glengarry. Graduating from the University of Toronto, B.A., 1883, and from Knox College, 1887, Mr. Gordon served his Church for a few years in the Canadian

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West, and was settled, as pastor, over West End Church, Winnipeg, 1893. Author of *Black Rock,* a tale of the Selkirks, 1898; *Sky Pilot,* a tale of the foothills, 1899; *Beyond the Marshes,* 1898; *The Man from Glengarry,* a tale of the Ottawa, 1901; *Glengarry School Days,* a tale of the Indian Lands, 1902; *The Prospector,* 1904. The Westminster Company are his publishers. One arresting quality of his work is the skilful manner in which he has succeeded in making the sports, doings and sayings of youth and early manhood to reappear in his writings. Christopher North joyously said that "boys" delighted to stone and kill cats, etc., etc.; we think the same spirit is present in some of Ralph Connor's earlier volumes. His literary efforts have attracted the attention of many readers all over the English-speaking world.

MISS MARGARET MARSHALL SAUNDERS, author, born in Nova Scotia, Canada; educated in her native province, Scotland and France. She has travelled much in Europe and the United States, and written many short stories for the magazines. Of her published work, of which fourteen volumes have already appeared, the best known is *Beautiful Joe,* the autobiography of a dog, with an introductory note by the Countess of

1861

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Aberdeen, 1894. This story won the prize of $200 offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best story illustrative of the kind or cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in the Northern States. *Beautiful Joe* has had a very large circulation, and has been translated into several languages. With reference to it, the Countess of Aberdeen writes: "Canada has every reason to be proud that one of her daughters should prove herself so able a champion of the claims of the faithful creatures who so constantly minister to our wants and pleasures." Another capital story is *Rose à Charlitte,* 1898, a story of the Acadians. Writers of Canadian legends and of the real life of the past are only beginning to discover what a store of picturesque annals is to be found in the provinces of the Dominion by the sea. Miss Saunders cleverly shows the way.

MARY MORGAN ("Gowan Lee"), poet, born in Scotland; in early childhood came with the family to Montreal, Canada, where she lived many years in affluence with her father, who was a highly successful merchant in Montreal. The advantages which easy circumstances afforded were put under contribution in the upbringing and literary culture of Miss Morgan, who is an accomplished lady of intelligent subjective views.

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Author of *Wood Notes in the Gloaming,* 1887; *Sonnets from Switzerland,* 1896; and *Marguerites,* 1898. We quote, as characteristic, from the beautiful poem, "Charity":

> "Thou askest not to know the creed,
> The rank or name is naught to thee;
> Where'er the human heart cries 'Help!'
> Thy kingdom is, O Charity!"

REV. FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, poet, born in Quebec, Canada, educated at the High School, Montreal (his native city), at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and King's College, London. He entered upon the duties of the ministry of his Church in 1884, and was appointed curate of St. Matthew's, Quebec City, in 1896.

1861

The Soul's Quest, and Other Poems appeared in 1888; *My Lattice, and Other Poems,* 1894; *The Unnamed Lake, and Other Poems,* 1897; and his latest volume, *Poems: Old and New,* 1900. The publishers, in their word "to the reader," state that *Poems: Old and New* contains poems hitherto not published, and a selection from the other volumes, corrected, so that these poems now appear in permanent form. Mr. F. G. Scott is a writer who delights in all forms of exhibition of power. "The Frenzy of Prometheus" is a good example of the poet's favor

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to this quality in verse, while, at the same time, a spiritual tone pervades all his work. The author has produced several notable poems. "Samson" has brought him well-deserved praise from competent judges in England, ranking it among the best of recent years produced in America.

Many will regard "Thor"—a flawless ballad—as the author's masterpiece; others will hold with equal firmness that his best work is to be found in the fine sonnets he has composed. His verse has imagination, strength and poetic insight, as well as music and rhythm. Probably the Canadian reader will mark with regret the absence of Canadian coloring, and wish that these noble poems proclaimed the native country of their author.

"TIME.

"I saw Time in his workshop carving faces;
Scattered around his tools lay, blunting griefs,
Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs
Of light and shade; sorrows that smooth the traces
Of what were smiles. Nor yet without fresh graces
His handiwork, for ofttimes rough were ground
And polished, oft the pinched made smooth and round;
The calm look, too, the impetuous fire replaces.

"Long time I looked and watched; with hideous grin
He took each heedless face between his knees,
And graved and scarred and bleached with boiling tears.

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I wondering turned to go, when, lo, my skin
Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face sees
Itself all changed, scarred, careworn, white with years!"

How true to life are the sentiments expressed in the poem, "A Reverie":

"O tender love of long ago,
O buried love, so near me still,
On tides of thought that ebb and flow
Beyond the empire of the will;
To-night with mingled joy and pain
I fold thee to my heart again.

"And down the meadows, dear, we stray,
And under woods still clothed in green,
Though many Springs have passed away
And many harvests there have been
Since through the youth-enchanted land
We wandered idly hand in hand.

"Then every brook was loud with song,
And every tree was stirred with love,
And every breeze that passed along
Was like the breath of God above;—
And now to-night we go the ways
We went in those sweet summer days."

"VAN ELSEN.

"God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul:
He spake by sickness first, and made him whole;
Van Elsen heard Him not,
Or soon forgot.

"God spake to him by wealth; the world outpoured
Its treasures at his feet, and called him lord;
Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

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"God spake the third time when the great world smiled,
And in the sunshine slew his little child:
Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

"Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
'As thy heart bleedeth so My heart hath bled;
As I have need of thee,
Thou needest Me.'

"That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death."

The basis of this sweet poem is as old as the human race:

"THE CRIPPLE.

"I met once, in a country lane,
A little cripple, pale and thin,
Who from my presence sought again
The shadows she had hidden in.

"Her wasted cheeks the sunset skies
Had hallowed with their fading glow;
And in her large and lustrous eyes
There dwelt a child's unuttered woe.

"She crept into the autumn wood,
The parted bushes closed behind;
Poor little heart, I understood
The shameless shame that filled her mind.

"I understood, and loved her well
For one sad face I loved of yore,—
And down the lane the dead leaves fell,
Like dreams that pass for evermore."

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1861 WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, F.R.S.C., poet, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the University of Toronto and at Cambridge, Mass. He was ordained to the ministry of the Church of England, 1885, and performed the duties of a parish minister, both in New England and Canada, until 1891, when he retired from the Church and obtained a position in the Civil Service, Ottawa. Mr. Campbell is a valued and well-known writer of forcible verse, his contributions appearing in the best class of magazines in the United States and Canada. The author has published four volumes of verse. The *Lake Lyrics* was issued in 1889; the other three volumes followed in close succession. The qualities of his verse are virility, human interest and a tendency to refer frequently to the idea implied in the following lines. The question is asked, "Is there anything?" and Merlin answers:

> "Nay, nothing, save the visions we have lost,
> The autumn mornings with their frosty prime,
> The dreams of youth like bells of eventime
> Ringing their golden longing down the mist."

Some of his best work is to be found in his two tragedies, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand." The author's skill in enlisting the sympathy of

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his reader is shown in the poem, "In the Spring Fields":

"There dwells a spirit in the budding year—
As motherhood doth beautify the face—
That even lends these barren glebes a grace,
And fills grey hours with beauty that were drear
And bleak when the loud, storming March was here;
A glamor that the thrilled heart dimly traces
In swelling boughs and soft, wet, windy spaces,
And sunlands where the chattering birds make cheer.

"I thread the uplands where the wind's footfalls
Stir leaves in gusty hollows, autumn urns,
Seaward the river's shining breast expands,
High in the windy pines a lone crow calls,
And far below some patient plowman turns
His great black furrow over steaming lands."

Mr. Campbell has written with distinction on many themes, and very happily he has treated the lure of the inland seas of Canada. We quote:

"BY HURON'S SHORE.

"Here amid the smoke of cities,
Where far heaven never pities
Earth, and kisses her with flowers;
Through the weary, sunless hours,
How I long for Huron's shore:
How I long for Huron's beaches,
Where the wind-swept, shining reaches
Wind in mists and are no more.

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"How I long for sky and water,
Where is never dearth of thought, or
Lack of love for heaven's blue;
Where all nature loveth true
By the sky rimmed, shining floor,
By the black, wet caverned ledges,
By the sands where windy sedge is
Kissed by Huron evermore."

This sonnet affords scope for the brush of an artist:

"ON THE SHORE.

(AGE.)

"With golden spicèd dreams blows in the dawn,
About the cool blue bosom of the lake;
Far over wave and shore wild voices wake,
The watery curves and windy reeds upon.
Where the young glory of the day dreams on;
And wingèd creatures haunts of sleep forsake,
And dreams and silence their dim ways betake
Round the grey edge where lidded nights hath gone.

"Here all is young and glad, the laughing shore,
The sunshine, the glad birds, no memories
On haggard faces wistful to forget;
Save yon old man beside the rude hut door,
With palsied hands, chin bending to his knees,
Mending dead youth in meshes of a net."

In addition to the poems we quote, there are many others worthy of special attention, such as "The Manitou," "To a Robin in November," "Ode: Canada to Great Britain,"

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"The Confession of Tama the Wise," "Pan the Fallen," and, very specially, the poems, "Lazarus," "The Mother," and "Unabsolved."

If the imagination of the poet can picture such longings to be in the soul of any in bliss that he must go to rescue from torment one whom he knew on earth, what must be the consuming yearnings to save of Him who is "love"?

It is a truism to say that opinions differ as to the quality of Mr. Campbell's work; it is obviously uneven. He has certainly on occasion reached a high level, indeed, as will be admitted by any reader of his poems.

The bard speaks the wish of many in the "Last Prayer":

"Master of life, the day is done;
My sun of life is sinking low;
I watch the hours slip one by one,
And hark the night-wind and the snow.

"And must thou shut the morning out,
And dim the eye that loved to see;
Silence the melody and rout,
And seal the joys of earth for me?

"And must thou banish all the hope
The large horizon's eagle-swim,
The splendor of the far-off slope
That ran about the world's great rim?"

We had written the above several months

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before *The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell* were issued, 1905, from the press of William Briggs—a notable volume, a valuable contribution to Canadian literature, which reflects honor upon the gifted author. Space permits only a few quotations.

"LINES ON A SKELETON.

"But whither thence is fled that tenant rare,
That weird indweller of this wasted house?
Back from the petalled bloom withdraws the dew,
The melody from the shell, the day from heaven,
To build afar earth's resurrection morn.
And so, Love trusts, in some diviner air
The lord of this lorn mansion dwells in light
Of vaster beauty, vaster scope and dream;
Where weariness and gladness satiate not,
Where power and splendid being know no ruin,
And evil greeds and envyings work no wrong."

And another from the noble poem to his departed friend, the late Archibald Lampman —whom all men of letters miss so much—in which Mr. Campbell is in his highest mood:

"BEREAVEMENT OF THE FIELDS.

(In memory of Archibald Lampman, who died February 10th, 1899.)

"Soft fall the February snows, and soft
Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain;
For never more, by wood or field or croft,
Will he we knew walk with his loved again;
No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,
In those high moods where love and beauty reign,
Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain.

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"Soft fall the February snows, and soft
He sleeps in peace upon the breast of her
He loved the truest; where, by wood and croft,
The wintry silence folds in fleecy blur
About his silence, while in glooms aloft
The mighty forest fathers, without stir,
Guard well the rest of him, their rare sweet
worshipper."

—*The Collected Poems.*

BLISS CARMAN, a man of letters, born in New Brunswick, Canada; educated at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, and the University of New Brunswick, and subsequently studied at Edinburgh and Harvard Universities. He established the *Chap-Book,* 1894. During several years, with frequent visits to Canada, he has resided in the United States, where he has been actively engaged as an editor and writer, many poems and critical articles of his appearing in the magazines.

1861

Mr. Carman, in 1893, published his first volume of poems, *Low Tide on Grand Pré.* Other volumes followed in rapid succession. In 1905, a collection of his poems appeared in two very handsome volumes.

His work suffers from its narrow range, and is saved only in part from monotony by the rich musical endowment of his mind. He excels in his choice of words and exceedingly melodious phrases. But we expect yet better

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work from him, as he is only a young man, and doubtless, by producing less, he may be able to conciliate those who seek for fresh matter rather than linked sweetness in phrase.

It is the brotherhood of life that the author puts in the forefront of his poetic work. He insists again and again that the flying or creeping creatures and the unsavory plants are his little brothers. The best way of enjoying his poetry is occasionally to take his volumes off the shelf and read while the mood is on. We quote poems which have found well-deserved public favor:

"A WINDFLOWER.

"Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the sun,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

"And thereupon the trail of spring,
Not death, nor love, nor any name
Known among men in all their lands,
Could blur the wild desire with shame.

"But down my dayspan of the year
The flit of straying winds came by;
And all my trembling soul was thrilled
To follow one lost mountain cry."

—*Low Tide on Grand Pré.*

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"THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN.

"Smile, you inland hills and rivers!
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
But my roving heart is seaward
With the ships of gray St. John.

"Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
Peace and the mild evening star.

.

"Always your bright face above me
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.

"Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

.

"Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This gray port of the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

.

"When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer, too—slip my moorings
With the ships of gray St. John."

—*Ballads of Lost Haven.*

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"THE GRAVE-TREE.

"Let me have a scarlet maple
For the grave-tree at my head,
With the quiet sun behind it,
In the years when I am dead.

.

"Scarlet when the April vanguard
Bugles up the laggard spring,
Scarlet when the bannered autumn
Marches by unwavering.

.

"It will be my leafy cabin,
Large enough when June returns
And I hear the golden thrushes
Flute and hesitate by turns.

"And in fall, some yellow morning,
When the stealthy frost has come,
Leaf by leaf it will befriend me
As with comrades going home."

—*By the Aurelian Wall, etc.*

Mr. Bliss Carman is the author of three volumes of short essays on various subjects, which some readers prefer to his verse; but we think that the "Ships of St. John" and "The Grave Tree" still hold the first place of anything he has written. The prose volumes are *The Kinship of Nature*, 1903; *The Friendship of Art*, 1904; *The Poetry of Life*, 1905.

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ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, poet, born in Ontario, Canada, of U. E. L. extraction. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, directed with intelligence and sympathy the studies of the future poet, being strenuously supported by the sleepless co-operation of his mother. To both parents the poet in a fine spirit puts on record his gratitude. When quite a child he was afflicted by a severe attack of rheumatic fever, the effects of which crippled him for four years and doubtless diminished the strength of his frame and the vigor of his health. He was educated at a private school, at the secondary schools, and at Trinity College, Toronto, B.A. with honors, 1882. For a few months he taught in one of our secondary schools, but the work proving uncongenial, obtained, as many of our Canadian poets have, a position in the Canadian Civil Service, wherein he continued until his death.

1861-1899

His poems began first to appear in the monthly magazines, both of Canada and the United States. He published his first volume, *Among the Millet, and Other Poems,* in 1888, Ottawa; the second, *Lyrics of Earth,* 1896, Boston, and a third, *Alcyone,* was in the press at the time of his death. A complete edition of

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his poems, edited, with a memoir, by Duncan C. Scott, appeared in 1900.

It is difficult to make a selection from Lampman's poetical work: there is so much worthy of quoting, so many memorable poetic lines fit for quiet reflection and storing up in the mind for enjoyment. His poetry has what has been called "substance." He is a strong, broad-minded Canadian writer, at home in the fields, on the rivers, and especially in the woods; an earnest, true lover of nature, with the capacity, above many writers, of causing others to see what he himself with rapture saw.

His poems impress one with the genuine honesty of the author. His death was a distinct loss to the best elements of Canadian literary life. He sings thus:

"Such hours, I think, are better than long years
Of brooding loneliness, mind touching mind
To leaping life, and thought sustaining thought."

And thus of "Spring":

"With the dawning May
The blossoms of the maple broke and fell,
Reddening the pavements with their rosy wreck.
The willows turned to golden green. The birds
Came flocking in full chorus with the flame
Of crocuses in teeming garden beds."

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"OUTLOOK.

"Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
This is to live, and win the final praise.
Though strife, ill fortune, and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb,
With agony; yet, patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity."

—*Among the Millet.*

"THE LARGEST LIFE.

"There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the great human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appal,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all:
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name."

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1862 DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, F.R.S.C., poet, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at public schools and Stanstead College. He entered the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 1880.

He published *The Magic House, and Other Poems,* 1893; *Labor and the Angel,* 1898, and *New World Lyrics and Ballads,* 1905; also a volume of short stories, *The Village of Viger,* 1896. Mr. Scott was devoted for some years to music, to which his verse bears testimony.

He has given good heed to the ancient saying: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips." Very few Canadians know that we have such a writer as Mr. Scott, and fewer still know that we have a writer of such high talent. His volumes come upon us unannounced, unheralded, like the quiet dew at eventide. He is a poet of acute observation and of imagination of no common quality and capacity. How happily he describes in "The Voice and the Dusk" what all have heard and remember with pleasure:

> "A thrush is hidden in a maze
> Of cedar buds and tamarac bloom;
> He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
> A flash of emeralds in the gloom."

Many such sweet, artistic lines and passages are easily met with in Mr. Scott's careful

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work. His descriptive power is of a high degree. The clever stanzas at the beginning of "The Piper of Arll" may be given as an instance:

"There was in Arll a little cove
Where the salt wind came cool and free:
A foamy beach that one would love
If he were longing for the sea.

"A brook hung sparkling on the hill,
The hill swept far to ring the bay;
The bay was faithful, wild or still,
To the heart of the ocean far away.

"There were three pines above the comb
That, when the sun flared and went down,
Grew like three warriors bearing home
The plunder of a burning town."

Thus he writes about a flock of sheep:

"From the wide fields the laggards bleat and follow,
A drover hurls his cry and hooting laugh;
And one young swain, too glad to whoop or hollo,
Is singing wildly as he whirls his staff.

"Now crowding into little groups and eddies
They swirl about and charge and try to pass;
The sheep-dog yelps and heads them off and steadies,
And rounds and moulds them in a seething mass.

"They stand a moment with their heads uplifted
Till the wise dog barks loudly on the flank,
They all at once roll over and are drifted
Down the small hill toward the river bank.

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"The drove is gone, the ruddy wind grows colder,
The singing youth puts up the heavy bars,
Beyond the pines he sees the crimson smoulder,
And catches in his eyes the early stars."

The Canadian "keepers" on the wide ranches of our country will thank the author for the true picture he has given them of their sheep-driving.

Here is a little poetic gem, true to human life:

"MEMORY.

"I see a schooner in the bay,
Cutting the current into foam;
One day she flies, and then one day
Comes like a swallow veering home.

"I hear a water miles away
Go sobbing down the wooded glen;
One day it lulls, and then one day
Comes sobbing on the wind again.

"Remembrance goes but will not stay;
That cry of unpermitted pain
One day departs, and then one day
Comes sobbing to my heart again."

—*Magic House, and Other Poems.*

We had selected many poems for the purpose of quoting—in particular "The Canadian Home"—but space fails us.

Of the poems of the more serious cast of thought, the finest, we think, is "In the

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Country Churchyard." We have to content ourselves by quoting a few stanzas:

"This is the paradise of common things,
The scourged and trampled here find peace to grow,
The frost to furrow and the wind to sow,
The mighty sun to time their blossomings;
And now they keep
A crown reflowering on the tombs of kings,
Who earned their triumph and have claimed their sleep.

"The poor forgets that ever he was poor,
The priest has lost his science of the truth,
The maid her beauty, and the youth his youth,
The statesman has forgot his subtle lure,
The old his age,
The sick his suffering, and the leech his cure,
The poet his perplexed and vacant page.

"These swains that tilled the uplands in the sun
Have all forgot the field's familiar face,
And lie content within this ancient place,
Whereto when hands were tired their thought would run
To dream of rest,
When the last furrow was turned down, and won
The last harsh harvest from the earth's patient breast."

1862

MRS. EVERARD COTES (Sarah Jeannette Duncan), novelist, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the Collegiate Institute, Brantford, and the Normal School, Toronto. She taught in the public schools, Ontario, for a short time. There-

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after Miss Duncan entered earnestly into journalism, acting as reporter and correspondent in connection with several of the leading newspapers in Canada and the United States. As a Canadian novelist, she first came before the reading world in her entertaining volume, *A Social Departure; or, How Orthodocia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves,* 1890. This book gained Miss Duncan immediate fame, which also was well sustained by the volumes which followed. Her work in India, where she has resided for some years, has added to her reputation as a writer of fiction: *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib, The Story of Sonny Sahib* (her only child story, charming it is), etc. To the great pleasure of her friends in Canada, she successfully broke new ground with *The Imperialist,* 1904. At this writing (1906) there is a serial of hers appearing in the *Times,* entitled *Set in Authority,* which is favorably received. As a specimen of Mrs. Cotes' genial spirit we quote:

"That is to say, a voyager through the scenery of a dream; for here abides that shy and exquisite spirit of Japan—the spirit that whispers in all her winds, and sings in all her streams, and smiles in all her cities. Here, among these dainty water reaches, opening and re-opening, alluring and re-alluring, always within the boundaries of tinted mountains that might guard fairy-land. A spell is over it all, and over us as we move slowly into the liquid silence and marvel at the gentle phantasm which is the

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soul of Japan, though neither the missionaries nor the geographies acknowledge this. It rains a little—a playful, sprinkled tenderness that nobody could take seriously—and through the rain the quaint curves of the mountains near and far rest upon the water in the upper and under colors of a dove's wing. All at once, far and away down a clear, narrow space, between two strangely tortured purple peaks, there comes a burnished bar in the sky. It glows and melts, and spreads into another sea; it drops to a weird red burning; it leaps up and wavers and pales, and all these goblins of mountains in gray, and white, and purple, and rose, and gold seem to let their garments slip into the dreaming water and troop toward the dying light. . . And so 'Good-bye, Japan,' said I, leaning back to it, as we slipped away into the wide grayness that lay between us and China. Good-bye, Japan! Good-night! . . . And Orthodocia, my friend, looking her last at it over my shoulder, echoed me softly, 'Good-bye, Japan! Good-night!'"

The qualities which distinguish this talented Canadian writer are kindly wit, sparkling irony and saving humor.

JOHN MACKIE, novelist, born in Scotland; received thorough education in the secondary schools of Scotland. He travelled much in the East, particularly in the island continent, Australia, where he tried various occupations, and for some time followed gold-digging. In 1882 he came to Canada and joined the Mounted Police force, in which he became an officer. When the

1862

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South Africa trouble became acute, he joined Brabant's Horse, and therein did good service.

Author of *The Devil's Playground,* a Story of the Wild North-West, 1894; *Sinners Twain,* a Romance of the Great Lone Land, 1895; *They That Sit in Darkness,* 1897; *The Prodigal's Brother,* a Story about the North-West Territories, 1899; *The Heart of the Prairie,* 1901; *Rising of the Red Man,* 1902. With one or two exceptions all these volumes are about the West of Canada, and Mr. Mackie claims that the incidents are true to life. The local coloring is not that of the imagination. Mr. Mackie has lucid descriptive power, and is a fresh and vigorous writer.

Mrs. Virna Sheard, novelist, born in Ontario, Canada, Author of *Trevelyan's Little Daughters,* 1898 (Briggs); *A Maid of Many Moods,* 1902 (Copp, Clark Co.); *By the Queen's Grace,* 1904 (Briggs). Mrs. Sheard writes for her enjoyment of authorship, and not for her vocation. She writes graceful verse, but has not yet gathered this into a volume. Resides in Toronto.

Miss Emily P. Weaver, author, born in England; educated at a private school. The family removed to Ontario, Canada, when she was only fifteen, and lived on a farm near Lake Erie.

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My Lady Nell, 1899, a story founded on history, was one of a prize-list published by the Congregational Society of Boston. The same Society subsequently brought out the following: *The Rabbi's Sons,* 1891; *Prince Rupert's Namesake,* 1893; *The Rainproof Invention,* 1897. *Soldiers of Liberty* was published by William Briggs, Toronto, in 1892. In the competition, 1893, for the best history for use in Canadian schools, Miss Weaver obtained one of the three $200 prizes awarded to the competitors whose histories were considered next in merit to the one selected for use in the schools. *A Canadian History for Boys and Girls* appeared in 1900, and *Builders of the Dominion: Men of the East,* in 1904. She is at present engaged on *Men of the West.* Miss Weaver writes on historical subjects with ease, and her work is admirably adapted to young people.

MRS. JEAN MCKISHNIE BLEWETT, author, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. She has written for the press in Canada and the United States, her short stories bringing her into notice in both countries.

1862

The author of *Out of the Depths,* 1879, and *Heart Songs,* 1897. The "Songs" are chiefly

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of domestic life, and reveal a genial, happy spirit.

In the poem, "The Two Marys," Mrs. Blewett takes up a theme in which many hearts will join.

"THE TWO MARYS.

"They journey sadly, slowly on,
The day has scarce begun;
Above the hills the rose of dawn
Is heralding the sun,
While down in still Gethsemane
The shadows have not moved;
They go, by loss oppressed, to see
The grave of One they loved.

"O Love! that made Him come to save,
To hang on Calvary;
O mighty Love! that from the grave
Did lift and set Him free!
Sing, Mary Magdalene, sing forth
With voice so sweet and strong,
Sing, till it thrills through all the earth—
The Resurrection Song!"

"AT QUEBEC.

'Quebec, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty dead.
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson, where the moon rose pale and dim
Above the battlefield so grim and wide.

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Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—
The strife, the valor of the long ago
Feels at her heart-strings. Strong, and tall, and vast,
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness on her grey old face."

1862 Miss E. Pauline Johnson, poet, born on Grand River Indian Reserve, Ontario, Canada; daughter of Chief Johnson of the Mohawks; educated by private tuition and at the Model School, Brantford. She has written verse for English and American journals, a collection of which was published by her, when in England, *The White Wampum,* 1894. She is the author of *Canadian Born,* 1903, published in Toronto.

Miss Johnson's muse burns most clearly and fiercely when she recalls the sorrows and disappearance of her race from North America; but she likewise sings of their joys and hopes. Her work reveals her love of nature, her insight, her delicacy of touch, and her true impression. Though we agree with the "many" that "The Song My Paddle Sings," is her best poem, yet not a few other sweet lyrics are in her contribution of two volumes to Canadian poetry.

"RE-VOYAGE.

"What of the days when we two dreamed together?
Days marvellously fair,
As lightsome as a skyward-floating feather
Sailing on summer air—

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Summer, summer, that comes drifting through
Fate's hand to me and you.
What of the days, my dear? I sometimes wonder
If you too wish this sky
Could be the blue we sailed so softly under
In that sun-kissed July;
Sailed in the warm and yellow afternoon,
With hearts in touch and tune.
Have you no longing to relieve the dreaming
Adrift in my canoe?"

"SHADOW RIVER.

(MUSKOKA.)

"A stream of tender gladness,
Of filmy sun and opal-tinted skies;
Of warm mid-summer air that lightly lies
In mystic rings,
Where softly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tone to sadness.

"Midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
A bubble in the pearly air, I seem
To float upon the sapphire floor; a dream
Of clouds of snow,
Above, below,
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,
As twilight drifts to even.

"O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others fame,
And love's red flame,
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming."

—*The White Wampum.*

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"THE SONGSTER.

"Music, music with throb and swing,
Of a plaintive note, and long;
'Tis a note no human throat could sing,
No harp, with its dulcet golden string,—
Nor lute, nor lyre with liquid ring,
Is sweet as the robin's song.

"He sings for love of the season
When the days grow warm and long,
For the beautiful, God-sent reason
That his breast was born for song.

"Calling, calling so fresh and clear,
Through the song-sweet days of May,
Warbling there and whistling here,
He swells his voice on the drinking ear,
On the great, wide, pulsing atmosphere,
Till his music drowns the day.

"He sings for love of the season
When the days grow warm and long,
For the beautiful, God-sent reason
That his breast was born for song."

We are glad that E. Pauline Johnson, a scion of the "red man," has added her pearl of song to the necklace of English Canadian literature.

JAMES ERNEST CALDWELL, farmer, poet, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the public school near Ottawa. The great fire in the Ottawa Valley, 1870,

1862

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devoured all that fire could destroy, even to the spoiling of some of the rich soil of his father's farm. The poet-farmer is, therefore, fully inured to the troubles, hardships and duties of life on a farm. The independent home-keeping farm life he has always followed.

Mr. Caldwell published, 1895, *Songs of the Pines*. We are glad to state that he has material for another volume of poetry. Mr. Caldwell is a true poet, to which the *Songs of the Pines* bears ample testimony. A fine devotional spirit pervades the volume. Those who know farm life will enjoy the lyric, "The Marketing," and all readers the lyrical poems, "O Sing Me a Song, Sweet Sister," and "The Wedding at the Mill. From the last named we quote a few lines:

"There's a breeze amid the branches
Of the poplars, old and tall;
There's a gleam of morning glories
In the vines against the wall;
There is music in the meadows,
When the bobolink's astir,
Trilling out the joyous measure
With a most delicious slur;
The willows sweep the bosom
Of the millpond, deep and still,
But the miller's wheel is idle—
There's a wedding at the mill.

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"'Tis the day for joy and song.
Swiftly southward rolls the carriage,
While good wishes follow fast,
And good luck in mirthful symbol
Fair hands lavishly have cast.
One by one, the guests departing
Leave the cottage hushed and still,
And a dream for memory only
Is the wedding at the mill."

REV. WILLIAM CHARLES MCKINNON, a Wesleyan minister of Nova Scotia. In 1852 he published in two volumes, *St. George; or, The Canadian League,* a tale of the outbreak of 1837, with an Introduction. As explanatory of the work we quote from the Introduction:

-1862

"No one will understand this work as being a detailed narrative of the late outbreak in Canada, because it is not intended as such. So far from that, the author, on commencing it, did not contemplate touching upon any subject relating to that insurrection;—he merely intended writing a tale of private life, founded upon incidents which had occurred within his own immediate knowledge."

Strange things do happen, but we venture to say that probability is against the occurrence of many of the incidents related by the author in this work.

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THOMAS BROWN PHILLIPS STEWART, poet, born in Ontario, Canada; educated at the High School, Brampton, and at the University of Toronto, B.A., 1888; read the law course of the University and took his LL.B. degree, 1891. Mr. Stewart, while at the University, was subject to frequent attacks of illness, which largely accounts for the melancholy tone which pervades his verse. Considering his youth, a writer of finished literary and original thought.

1864-1892

A tablet of brass standing on the wall of the reading room of the Law School's Library, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, perpetuates the memory of his valuable bequest of $7,600 to the Law Society, of which he was a member, for the purpose of enabling the students to enjoy the privilege of taking "out" the text-books required for a longer period than usual. But we think his poems will prove a more enduring memorial than the brass tablet.

We take a line or two from the fine poem, "Lines to My Mother":

> "Let thy sweet memory
> Inspire my life to deeds, my soul doth crave
> Action. Action is the soul's finest speech;
> Words may deceive. Actions never can. I would
> Do more than live a shadow-haunted life,
> A pensive poet by the dreaming sea."

The tone of his sad spirit appears in the

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following lines from the poem, "Good Night":

"What happy hours I've spent with thee,
Too soon hath vanished this brief day,
Still do I wait and lingeringly
Like to it must pass away.
Soon youth must pass, that bloometh fair,
And sadder light into thine eye
Must steal, and gray into thine hair,
And to thine heart the troubled sigh."

The kindliness of his spirit breathes in the lines to "A Sleeping News-Girl":

"Sweet maid, thy sleep is calm and fair;
The beauty of thy face
Doth fix mine eyes in mad despair
Upon such simple grace.
Thou art so young, thou art so frail;
Cold poverty hath made thee pale,
And left thee here alone;
Thy drooping head hath tearful power
O'er me, wild, melancholy flower,
Neglected as a stone."

His chief poems are "De Profundis" and "Croydon and Amaryllis." He has a poetic gem, "Hope":

"In shadowy calm the boat
Sleeps by the dreaming oar;
The green hills are afloat
Beside the silver shore.

"Youth hoists the white-winged sail,
Love takes the longing oar,
The oft-told fairy tale
Beside the silver shore."

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ARTHUR WEIR, born in Montreal, Canada; educated at the High School and McGill University, devoting special attention to science, and took his degree of B.A.Sc. with honors in 1886. Thereafter he gave much time to journalism, finance, and was for some years secretary of La Banque Ville Marie.

1864–1902

Author of *Fleur-de-Lys,* 1887; *Romance of Sir Richard, and Other Poems,* 1890, and of *Snowflakes, and Other Poems,* 1896. He was selected to read the inaugural poem at the unveiling of the national monument to Sir John A. Macdonald in 1895, at Ottawa; and he also wrote the inaugural poem for the unveiling of the monument to Maisonneuve, dedicated on the same day at Montreal.

Mr. Weir wrote some poems which deserve to live in after ages. A notable increase of power was apparent in the successive volumes that came from his pen.

"THE LITTLE TROOPER.

"Swift troopers twain ride side by side
Through life's long campaign.
They make a jest of all man's pride,
And oh, the havoc! As they ride,
They cannot count their slain.

"The one is young and debonair,
And laughing swings his blade,
The zephyrs toss his golden hair,
His eyes are blue; he is so fair
He seems a masking maid.

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"The other is a warrior grim,
Dark as a midnight storm.
There is no man can cope with him;
We shrink and tremble in each limb
Before his awful form.

"Yet though men fear the sombre foe
More than the gold-tressed youth,
The boy with careless blow
More than the trooper grim lays low,
And causes earth more ruth.

"Keener his mocking word doth prove
Than flame on winter's breath.
Men bear his wounds to realm above,
For the trooper's name is Love,
And his comrade's only Death."

MRS. GRACE DEAN MACLEOD ROGERS, author, born in Nova Scotia, Canada; educated at Dalhousie University, Halifax. She was the writer of short stories which appeared in the American magazines; but her best work is a collection of tales of "Old Acadie," the title of which is *Stories of the Land of Evangeline,* published 1891. Mrs. Rogers has evidently taken much trouble to gather the legends still floating in the land where Evangeline is said to have lived and suffered, with the result that she has produced a book of interesting and well-told stories.

1865

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HENRY BECKLES WILLSON, author and journalist, born in the Province of Quebec, Canada; educated at Colborne and at Kingston; studied law in Boston, United States, and graduated from the Law School there, 1886. Thereafter he became an active journalist in Canada, the United States and England. He returned to Canada, 1896, as a special correspondent of the London *Daily Mail,* and in the interests of this enterprising newspaper he travelled from Newfoundland to the Pacific Coast, writing a series of letters to his paper, under the title of "Through Sunny Canada."

1869

Author of *Harold; a Race Experiment,* 1891; *The Losing of Virel,* 1892; *Drift* and *My Little Friend, the Cantatrice,* 1894; *The Tenth Island,* 1897, being some account of Newfoundland, its people, its politics, its problems and its peculiarities; *The Great Company,* being a History of the Honorable Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay, with an Introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, present Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, with original drawings by Arthur Heming, and maps, plans and illustrations, 1899.

We quote a sentence from the first chapter of the work, as it sets forth the aim of the author in its production:

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"To narrate the causes which first led to the formation of the Company, the contemporary interest it excited, the thrilling adventures of its early servants, of the wars it waged with the French and drove so valiantly to a victorious end; its vicissitudes and gradual growth; the fierce and bloody rivalries it combated and eventually overbore; its notable expeditions of research by land and sea; the character of the vast country it ruled and the Indians inhabiting it; and last but not least, the stirring and romantic experiences contained in the letters and journals of the great Company's factors and traders for a period of over two centuries—such will be the aim and purpose of this work."

Lost England, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, with forewords by Duke of Argyll and Earl of Aberdeen, 1902; *The New America,* illustrated, a Study of the Imperial Republic, 1903; *The History of Rapid Transit,* 1903. Of the volumes Mr. Willson first published, two were Canadian novels. His recent effort has been in the line of biography and history. It is well that we should have a history of the Hudson's Bay Company looking at it from the standpoint of one who is virtually in the position of an outsider. But the living energy which really made and sustained the "Great Company" was supplied by the factors and servants of the company, who lived for years in its interest in the wilderness of the Great West of Canada. Mr. Willson is a journalist, quick to see salient features, and with a clear and facile style wields a ready pen. He has made

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valuable contributions to the literature of his country, but his work in history and biography shows unmistakable signs of insufficient preparation and undue haste.

JOHN STUART THOMSON, poet, born in Quebec, Canada; educated at the old "Senior School," Montreal, and in special classes at McGill University. He also enjoyed rare opportunity of private classical study in New York City. He studied theology at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and performed ministerial service in connection with his Church for a season or two. Abandoning the clerical profession, he went to New York, where he is giving his main strength to letters. He contributes frequently to the magazines. Author of *Estabelle, and Other Poems,* 1897; *A Day's Song,* 1900. A few of the poems in the first volume are reproduced in the second. The books of this young writer have been received with much favor. He appeals to the highest standards of teaching, and has considerable restraint; a manner which combines native strength with classical unity. From a beautiful lyric to "Late Autumn" we take three stanzas:

1870

"The wild-bee's busy garnering's done;
And not a cloud melts in the sun;
The purple, mist-clad hills are cold,
And ev'rything is old.

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"Mystic and far, I hear the bells
Of Is between the sea's loud swells;
And winds through yarrow on the dunes
Startled with weirder tunes.

"Half-syllabled I heard strange names;
I trembled, for they were not Fame's,
And questioned, distraught with the time,
If naught but death's sublime."

Here is a notable sonnet:

"A SONNET OF SUMMER.

"Beauty and joy live through the summer day;
The morning rustles by my bed of dreams,
In garments made of woven auroral beams;
And toying zephyrs in the garden stray,
Shaking the dews from each rose-weighted spray
Upon the crimson poppies' burning lips.
A white-winged butterfly delighted sips
Of cooling golden wine, his thirst to allay,
The while he poises on the yellow brim
Of buttercups. And when the day is dim,
And shadows flutter in the rising gale,
And oak leaves tremble in the wood afar,
Like falling flakes of gold,—o'er night's dark rail
Pale seraphs lean, each with a censer-star."

The "Vale of Estabelle" is a fine poem, but too long for our space to quote in full, and we are reluctant to take only parts of it. We feel compelled to say the same regarding "An Ode Written in Autumn," some stanzas of which are exquisite. But, even at the risk of being called partial, we must take

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a few verses from a poem found in *A Day's Song:*

"THE ARBUTUS.

"Here love, with straying feet, shall go
Where Spring's paths meet together;
One way the Winter went, I know,
And it was blustrous weather.

"The snow was falling, wide and white,
In calm it melted slowly,
Again I looked, for well I might,
I saw a blossom holy:

"A cream-cheeked thing on slender stalk,
So timid and so vagrant,
I might to tropic gardens walk
And find no bloom so fragrant.

"We gathered lilies in the south,
You and I together;
You pressed them to your chin and mouth,
And laughed—'twas summer weather.

.

"But, dear! this trailing, pink-lipped flower,
First of Spring's gentle creatures,
I tender in life's hopeful hour
The picture of your features."

MISS JOANNA E. WOOD, novelist, was born in Scotland, and came to Canada with the family when a "wee lassie." The home is on the Heights of Queenston. Author of *Judith Moore; or, Fashioning a Pipe,* 1898; *The Untempered Wind,* 1898 (both issued by the Ontario Publishing Co.); *A Daughter of*

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Witches, 1900 (The Gage Publishing Co.); *Farden Ha',* 1902 (Hurst & Blackall, London). Miss Wood writes entertainingly and with knowledge of the early days in Canadian life. The author evidently seeks reputation rather than fleeting popularity.

MISS AGNES C. LAUT, novelist, born in Manitoba, Canada, a granddaughter of the much-esteemed, the Rev. Dr. George, at one time Principal of Queen's University, Kingston; educated at Manitoba College. For the recovery of her health, she spent some time in the "Rockies" of Canada. During these rambles she collected material, of which she has made good use in her writings. Author of *Lords of the North,* 1900; *Heralds of Empire,* 1902; *The Story of the Trapper,* 1902; *The Pathfinders of the West,* 1904; and *Vikings of the Pacific,* 1905.

1872

There has been some discussion as to the accuracy of her history in the *Pathfinders of the West,* where she claims for Radisson and Groseillers the honor of being the first white men to penetrate the farther West. Miss Laut maintains the correctness of her version, in the words following: "The question will at once occur why no mention is made of Marquette, Joliet and La Salle in a

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work on the pathfinders of the West. The simple answer is—they were *not* pathfinders."

Her diction is direct and fluent.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER, author, born in Ontario, Canada, and educated at the Collegiate Institute, London, University of Toronto, and University of Oxford. Mr. Stringer entered into journalism in Montreal, and removed a few years since to New York, where he resides in winter, frequently visiting Canada; for he is essentially a Canadian. Author of *Watchers of Twilight, and Other Poems,* 1894; *Pauline, and Other Poems,* 1895; *Epigrams,* 1896; *The Loom of Destiny,* 1899; *The Silver Poppy,* 1903; *Hephaestus,* 1903; *Lonely O'Malley,* 1906; *The Wire Tappers,* 1906. Mr. Stringer writes sympathetically of children. In the poem, "Canada to England," he gives utterance to the true loyal spirit of Canada. We quote a couple of stanzas:

1874

"Sang one of England in his island home,
'Her veins are million, but her heart is one;'
And looked from out his wave-bound homeland isle
To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

"And we among the northland plains and lakes,
We youthful dwellers on a younger land,
Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,
And feel the clasp of England's outstretched hand."

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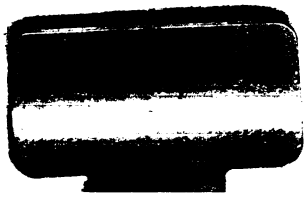
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